

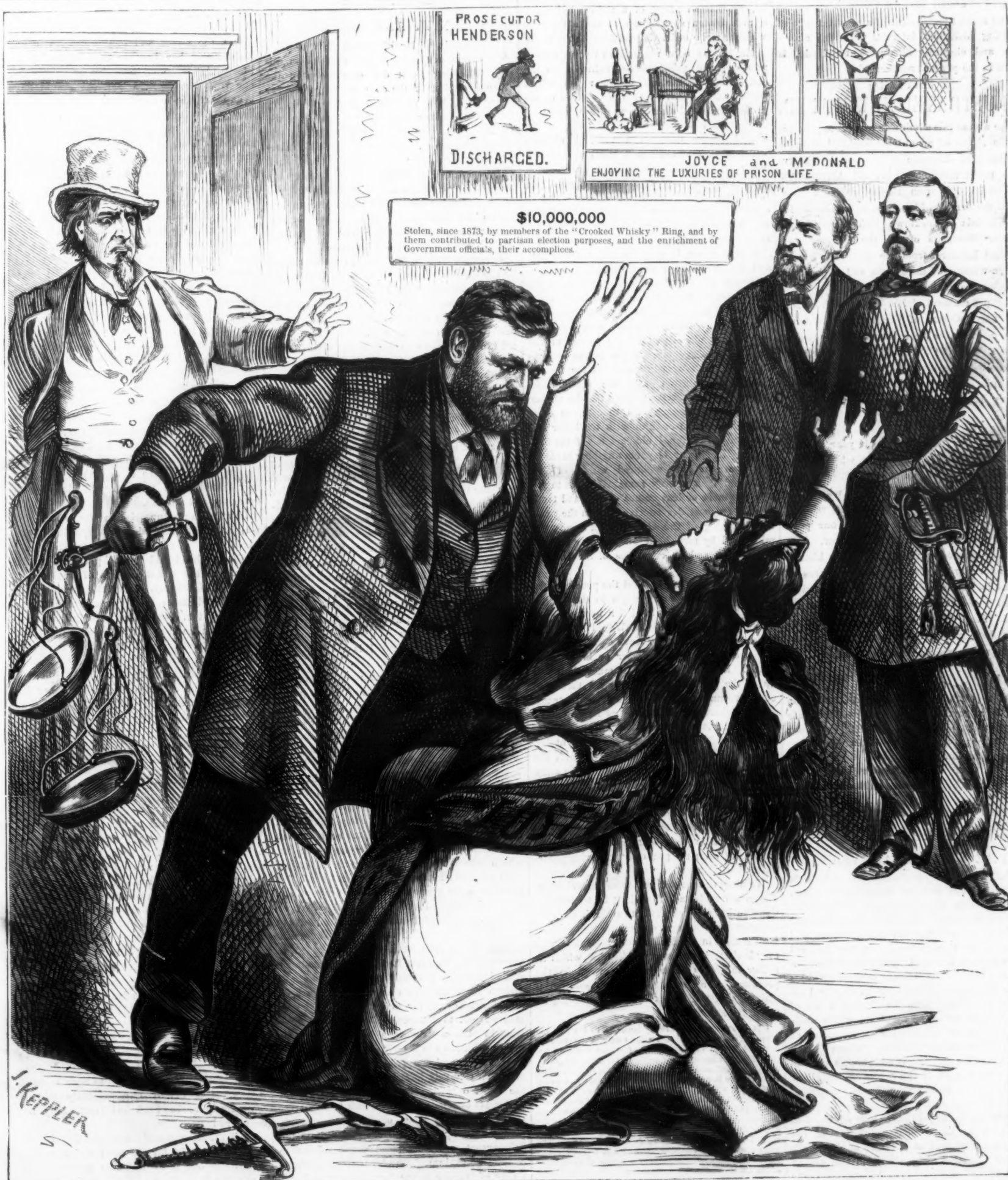
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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JUSTICE THROTTLED!

JUSTICE—"I am powerless! This man has already struck me many a secret blow, but now he openly defies me."
U. S. G.—"You are too zealous by half. Use your sword and scales with more discretion, and not against me or my friends."
UNCLE SAM—"Is this the way we begin our Centennial year? Shame on you, sir! Leave Justice alone and she will do well enough. You discharged her champion, Henderson, and now you would get rid of all her friends."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, JANUARY 22, 1876.

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 The Recollections of a Man of '76.
 BY
 JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

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THE NEW METAPHYSICS.

WE have no very profound respect for that species of political metaphysics which converts the United States Congress into a moot-court for the discussion of abstract theories with regard to the origin, nature and extent of the powers vested in the Federal Government under and by virtue of the Constitution. Not having the fear of such futilities before his eyes, Senator Morton, on the 18th ultimo, introduced into the Senate a set of resolutions in which he treads anew the well-threshed straw of former generations of American statesmen, among whom there existed a never-ending, ever-beginning controversy with regard to the "prerogatives" of the Federal Government and the "reserved rights" of the States.

A whole race of politicians was educated at the South in the teasing subtleties of the Calhoun school, and at the feet of the South Carolina Gamaliel these adepts in the art of Constitutional construction became so profoundly skilled in analytics that, like Sir Hudibras, they

"Could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and southwest side."

The natural outcome of this exaggerated "ideology," in its application to the plain letter of the Constitution, was seen in the theoretical right of secession preparing the way for that armed sedition which culminated in our late civil war.

During the war there was naturally a suspension of these nice dialectics in the presence of that *ultima ratio* which had come, in the shape of States "dissevered, discordant and belligerent," to rend the land with civil feuds and drench it with fraternal gore, as Webster, "the great expounder," had foreseen and predicted would be the case, if an attempt should ever be made to convert these cold and comfortless abstractions into poetical facts warmed with the flesh-and-blood passions of civic contention. The children's teeth were set on edge because their fathers had so long fed on the sour grapes of the South Carolina metaphysics, or, to change the figure, it was because "the great nullifier" had sown broadcast the dragon's teeth of a pestilent political heresy, that an army of a million and more of armed men sprang up to shake the land with the strife of battle and the shock of arms.

Mr. Morton now returns to vex us with a new order of political generalities. As the doctrinaires of the ultra-State rights school pushed their vagaries to the extreme of secession and civil war, so, on the other hand, he proposes to pass the Constitution of the United States through a political alembic which shall distill from it the very quintessence of centralization, as the prelude and pretext of arbitrary assumptions of power on the part of the Federal Government, and in equal derogation from the rights of the States and from the hereditary liberties of the American people.

If Mr. Morton, in proposing that the Senate and House of Representatives shall resolve that "the people of the United States constitute a nation, and are one people in the sense of national unity," means anything more than his colleague, Mr. McDonald, who moves by way of amendment, that "the people of the United States are one people in the manner only, and to the extent provided for by the Federal Constitution and the amendments thereto," it necessarily follows that he means, by his vague generalities to compass some ends which are in conflict with the letter and spirit of the national character. If the doctrine of Mr. Morton imports anything more or less than the well-weighed words of Mr. McDonald, then it only remains for us to say that this more or less comes of evil, and tends to evil of a most destructive kind in the practical working of the Government as now administered by men bent on unduly enlarging the powers and prerogatives of the National Government.

Nobody denies to-day that the people of the United States are one people in the manner and to the extent provided for by the Constitution and its amendments. Would Mr. Morton have the National Legislature declare that we are one people in any other or in a larger sense? If he would, then he must admit that under the guise of constructing a theory of our Government he is endeavoring to transform its character and disfigure its symmetry by injecting into it some alien importations of his own political fancy. The truism of Mr. McDonald's declaration touches, as with the wand of Ithuriel, "the vain hopes, vain aims, and inordinate desires" which Mr. Morton has blown up with his high conceits of Federal prerogative, and the deformity of which he seeks to hide from the popular perception by couching his covert usurpations of power under the alluring garb of "glittering generalities."

We observe that our soft-speaking neighbor, *Harper's Weekly*, as if willing to wound the Constitution, and yet afraid to strike it, can only summon up courage enough to "hint" the fault it finds in Mr. McDonald's resolution, and to "hesitate" the secret dislikes which it rather intimates than openly avows in the premises. Commenting on that resolution, it "hints" and "hesitates" in the following interrogative manner:

"Is it or can it be strictly accurate to say that the people of this country are a nation only in the manner provided by the Constitution? Do facts count for nothing? Is the sentiment of nationality, which has grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of the Union, not to be considered? Are the history and event of the war without significance? Nationality, like belligerence, is a fact, not a theory. Around the Constitution and within the century there has grown up a national feeling of which the framers of the Constitution had no experience, and of which they could have no foresight. This feeling does not change the letter of the instrument nor magnify the powers which it confers, but it makes actually and substantially a nation of the people of the United States."

The perplexities of our modern political neologists never found a more amusing expression than in these halting and shambling phrases of a political theorist who would not

play false with the Constitution, and yet would wrongly win from its letter and spirit a sense and significance which he admits it never entered into the mind of the men who framed the charter of our liberties to conceive. If the "facts" of the war, and if the "natural feeling" which has grown up "around" the Constitution "do not change the letter of the instrument or magnify the powers which it confers," what are these men talking about when they curiously inquire whether "it is or can be strictly accurate to say that the people of this country are a nation only in the manner provided by the Constitution"? How can it be "strictly accurate" to say anything else, without falling into palpable self-contradictions of statement, or into the mere drivel of political metaphysics, according to the definition of metaphysics as given by the Scotchman, when he described it as a species of writing in which "nae body kens what the man means, and when the man does not ken himself?"

INSANITY AND MURDER.

THE shooting of Mr. Dilleber by Mr. Romaine Dillon, at the Westminster Hotel in this city, following as it did so closely on the strange verdict in the case of the murderer Scannell, and the commutation of the sentence of the murderer Stauderman, has had the effect of re-arousing public attention to this class of criminals. If the majority of murderers are to be allowed to escape on the ground of insanity, and if nothing is done to keep the insane person under restraint until by committing murder, or some other foul crime, he places himself in the hands of the law, human life, and some of the other best interests of society, are very seriously imperiled.

It is very natural that insane persons should be the objects of public sympathy. It would be cruel, indeed, to hold them responsible for all their acts, and to punish them as we do other criminals who are supposed to be in the full possession of all their faculties. It is creditable to modern civilization that it has realized its responsibility towards the insane, and that much has been done to ameliorate their sufferings, and in various ways to qualify the discomfort of their unhappy lot. Much has been done in this direction during the last half-century; the whip, chains and straw made familiar to us by the paintings of Hogarth are, happily, long since discontinued; and there can be no doubt that the insane will continue to benefit by the growth of a broader and deeper human sentiment, and by the advancement of science. All such unfortunates are to be regarded as, in a sense, the wards of the community; and society is responsible for the manner in which they are treated. We dare not counsel other than the most humane treatment of those who, in the mysterious arrangements of Providence, are without reason and, therefore, without responsibility. But in its anxiety to do its duty by the insane, society must not forget itself. It is precisely here where our modern philanthropy is at fault. Insane people, as numerous recent examples have shown, are a fruitful source of public danger. It is our duty to treat all such with care and consideration; but we should so discharge that duty as to make it impossible for those known to be out of their reason and, therefore, irresponsible, to do injury to life or property. This we do not do at present; and either the law or the administration of the law is at fault.

The cases of Scannell and Stauderman, and the more recent case of Dillon, are each of them strikingly illustrative of the imperfections which attach to our present mode of dealing with violently insane persons. Scannell killed Donohue after years of deliberate purpose and of openly avowed vengeance, and after repeated unsuccessful attempts. Stauderman armed himself for the avowed purpose of killing the young woman who refused to marry him. The fact that he was armed, and armed for this particular purpose, was well known to many. This man Dillon has been notoriously crazy for many years. That he was subject to "uncontrollable impulses"—was, in fact, a dangerous lunatic—has long been well known to his friends. On the slightest provocation, and for grievances which were oftentimes purely imaginary, he has been in the habit of giving way to the most violent outbursts of temper; and threats to shoot the fancied offender were of daily occurrence. Scannell after repeated trials and a long imprisonment, was pronounced insane and sent to a lunatic asylum. Stauderman was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and was sentenced to be hanged. As the result of an investigation made after the trial, the death sentence was commuted; and on the ground of insanity he was sent to spend the remainder

of his days in a lunatic asylum. It is morally certain that Romaine Dillon will, on trial, be found insane; and that murder in his case will be punished as in the case of Scannell and Stauderman. He will be sent to some asylum for the insane.

What we complain of in each of these cases is, first, that these men should have been allowed to be at large at and previous to the time they committed murder, and, second, that they should have the prospect of being pronounced on some early day of perfectly sound mind, and let loose again upon the community, to be the sport on some future day of another "unaccountable impulse" and so repeat their deeds of violence and blood. It is hard, indeed, to say that a lunatic once confined on account of violence should never again be permitted to enjoy the sweets of liberty, no matter how completely he should be restored to mental and moral health. We can conceive of no horror more complete than that of a perfectly sane man being compelled to spend his days in the companionship of lunatics. Who that remembers the sad case of Mary Lamb, the sweet and gentle companion and associate of her brother Charles in all his literary labors, would say that because of her one wild, irresponsible act, she should have been locked up as a lunatic for life? Something, however, must be done to prevent criminal lunatics, or persons who have on the ground of insanity, real or assumed, escaped the extreme penalty of the law, from again becoming a danger to society. Then, again, it is surely within the compass of legislation to prevent dangerous lunatics from being at large. If Scannell and Stauderman had been arrested when their murderous intentions became known, all the evil might have been averted; their hands would have been clean, and their victims might have been alive; and certainly Mr. Dillon's friends must be held responsible for failing to use some means with a view to restraining his liberty. According to Dr. Forbes Winslow, cerebral affections are not suddenly developed. The skillful medical man knows the symptoms. If medical science were called to the assistance of the law in the incipient stages of insanity, such cases as that of Romaine Dillon would be of less frequent occurrence. If the law does not meet the requirements of the situation, legislation must be invoked. The people are not expected to live at the mercy of lions and Bengal tigers. There is as little reason why they should be at the mercy of violently insane men and women.

Insanity, unfortunately, is one of the ills which are not decreasing in proportion to the advancement of civilization. It is stimulated by the go-ahead and "fast" practices of the times. In the great centres of business in France, in Germany, in Great Britain, and in these United States, the perpetual strain on the nervous system is exercising a fearfully ruinous influence on the health and stamina of the brain. In Italy, Russia, Egypt, and other countries where life is quiet, cases of insanity are comparatively rare. Humboldt tells us he looked in vain for the disease among the native Indians of America. These facts should but lend interest to the general question, and encourage the adoption of such means as shall prevent insanity from becoming one of the most fruitful sources of public danger.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

ONE of the features of the first days of the New Year is the publication of the Governors' Messages. Of these several have appeared in the daily newspapers; and on the points raised there has been no lack of editorial comment. The three which have commanded most attention are those of Hendricks, Hartranft and Tilden, all of whom are spoken of as Presidential candidates. Their messages are able documents, full of suggestive lessons, and well worthy of careful and studious consideration. They are perhaps a little too wordy; and in that particular feature Governors might find it possible to make improvement. Life is too short and time is too precious for the one or the other to be wasted by wading through a wilderness of rubbish to get at a few plain and simple truths. Our public officials would do well to bear in mind that what is briefly and pointedly told is most likely to be read and most easily remembered.

Of all the messages of the season, that of Governor Tilden is by far the most statesmanlike. It has the one fault of being unnecessarily long; but it is clear, skillful, eminently suggestive, and brimful of solid common sense. On some questions now prominently before the public Governor Tilden has been disappointingly silent. On the school question, on the

Cuban question and on the Mexican question he might, without injury to himself, have given his opinions. Evidently the Governor has not forgotten the old adage that while speech is silver, silence is golden. On the whole, however, it is to be regretted that on those great leading questions of the hour he has not been more emphatically pronounced. Having said this much, we must admit that Governor Tilden's Message reveals a full and accurate knowledge of the affairs of the State and nation, and an anxious desire for the welfare of both.

The near extinction of the Bounty Debt gives the Governor an opportunity to indulge in a very agreeable retrospect. His sneers at the creation of that debt might have been spared; but then it must not be forgotten that as a Presidential candidate he had a perfect right to take into consideration the sentiment of the South. In this, and in other parts of the Message, a strong bid is made for the Southern vote. On all that relates to the canals of the State the Governor speaks like a reformer, and like one who thoroughly understands his subject. He is justly opposed to the sale of the Erie Canal, holding it to be a valuable and indispensable connection between the Hudson River and the great inland seas between the North and West. What he says regarding municipal government, the Centennial Exhibition, savings banks and insurance companies, is sensible and pertinent to the times. The most valuable portion of the Governor's Message is that which relates to our national finances. In some quarters he has been blamed for giving so much space to a question which is purely national. This surely is a weak objection. It was not considered out of the way when President Grant in his late Message discussed at some length the propriety of taxing Church property—a matter which belongs entirely to the State. Why should it be considered out of the way for Governor Tilden to discuss a question which is vital to the interests of our local trade and industries, and concerns deeply every individual in the State? The Governor stands firm on the "hard-money" platform. He advocates a speedy return to specie payments. He does not regard the problem as a difficult one. "Resumption by the Government will accomplish completely resumption by the banks." The Governor sees and admits the necessity of a strong and efficient Government; but efficiency, he thinks, is not incompatible with a large reduction of expenditure. "A period of self-denial will replace what has been wasted." "We must build up," he says, "a new Government upon the old foundations of American self-government." Altogether, the Message is a sound, sensible document, which does credit to the head and heart of one of the ablest of our living politicians.

"CROOKED" WHISKY.

IN this number will be found an interesting and exhaustive description of the Whisky Ring of St. Louis, with two full pages of illustrations, the sketches of which were taken on the spot. Our narrative is so thoroughly authentic that, with the aid of the engravings, the attentive reader will be able to form a more accurate opinion of this gigantic evil which reflects so sadly on the American character and redounds so much to the discredit of the Federal Government.

It would have been bad enough if the iniquity had been confined to St. Louis. Subsequent discoveries and exposures made elsewhere show that these "Crooked" Whisky Rings have been all-embracing in their influence, and encourage the opinion that the evil is widespread over the country, polluting even the springs of Government itself. The St. Louis exposures were bad, but they have been completely put into the shade by those which have since been made at Chicago. The revelations which are still being made in the latter city and immediate neighborhood leave us little room to doubt that since 1871, or at latest since the early months of 1872, the whisky trade of the country has been one gigantic system of fraud. Government wittingly or unwittingly has during the intervening years been robbed to an extent which baffles all calculation. It is estimated that by one rectifying establishment in the city of Chicago, that of Gholsen & Eastman, the Government has been deliberately and systematically defrauded at the rate of not less than three millions of dollars per annum. This is one only of several establishments of equal size similarly implicated. It is impossible that the illicit trade could be carried on so extensively in St. Louis and Chicago without its being known and practiced in other business centres. The conviction is irresist-

ible that the entire whisky trade is rotten to the core. In many of our large cities the illicit business has been carried on more or less openly; and when the summing-up has been completed, it may be found that the thieving has been on a scale of magnitude dwarfing into insignificance the most gigantic frauds ever perpetrated under any Government in the whole history of the past.

It is sad to think that, in a free and enlightened country like this, where every citizen is sovereign, and where patriotism should be a virtue of the highest value to the individual himself, as well as to the nation at large, men professedly of high character and first-class standing in the community should lend themselves to such practices. It argues badly for the inherent virtue of the American citizen; and we have no reason to complain if there are thinking men who find in these whisky frauds sufficient cause to despair of the future welfare of the Republic. Corruption ate out the vitals of ancient and republican Rome. If honesty and patriotism cease to be characteristics of the American citizen, the great republic of the New World will share the fate of the great republic of the Old. One of the saddest features of these Whisky Rings is that the men most prominent in the trade are now, and have all along been, warm and active friends of the present Administration. They have been Grant men through and through; and they have sustained the Government at an enormous sacrifice of money. As in St. Louis, so in Chicago, the men most deeply implicated were leading local politicians. Hering, Miller and Rehm were sustained by the money of the illicit distillers and rectifiers. The distillers had no choice but give the money as it was called for in the campaigns of 1872, 1873 and 1874. It is notorious that the local Government officials were in the secret, and that they were liberally rewarded for their silence. Is it conceivable that the secret was not known at the national Capitol? It is not conceivable. There is too much reason for concluding that the entire system of iniquity was known and winked at in Washington—nay, that Cabinet Ministers and prominent White House officials have amassed wealth by pocketing money which ought to have found its way to the national exchequer. How far President Grant himself has been privy to these frauds we know not. If he had a knowledge of what was going on, and allowed the evil to continue unchecked, he has sadly betrayed the trust reposed in him by a too-confiding people. If ignorant, he is not the man of brains and capacity we have been taught to regard him. Looked at in what light we may, these whisky frauds are a disgrace to the American people, and dishonoring in the last degree to the Grant administration. The Government under which such iniquity is possible is not worthy of the confidence of the people.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING JANUARY 8, 1876.

Monday.....112½ @ 113	Thursday.....112½ @ 112½
Tuesday.....112½ @ 112½	Friday.....112½ @ 113
Wednesday.....112½ @ 112½	Saturday.....113 @ 113½

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A BOULEVARD BONANZA.—The workmen on the Boulevard between 104th and 105th Streets, it is said, have struck a vein which contains traces of sulphureted iron and silver, with a slight trace of copper and gold.

CORTINA'S ACQUITTAL restores a firebrand to Matamoros, threatens a revival of cattle-thieving and murder of settlers along the border, and it is not unlikely to forward the project of those who, for political or for mercenary motives, are eagerly anticipating a war with Mexico.

GOVERNOR TILDEN'S refusal to interfere in the case of Edward S. Stokes, the murderer of Colonel James Fisk, Jr., commands almost universal approval. The community at large deem the punishment inflicted upon Stokes ridiculously inadequate to the crime for which he was convicted, and see no valid reason for remitting any part of it.

THE EIGHTH OF JANUARY was not publicly celebrated anywhere with the pomp and circumstance which, before the late war, used to attend the commemoration of the Battle of New Orleans. But as the crowning honor of General Jackson's military career, and as the most recent contest of American arms with a foreign foe within our own territory, this anniversary should never be forgotten.

THE CONCENTRATION OF NAVAL VESSELS AT PORT ROYAL, S. C., is in pursuance of a general plan of the Secretary of the Navy to make that place the headquarters of the North Atlantic Squadron, as it presents many advantages over any other port on the Atlantic coast. Whether this concentration of naval power at Port Royal is also a portent of approaching war with Spain still remains a mystery.

THE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS has of late been chiefly filled with disasters at sea reported from the other side of the Atlantic, and now comes the news

of that very rare occurrence, a railway accident in Russia, by which upwards of a hundred persons were killed or wounded. It would really seem that the Old World is disputing the monopoly of perils to travelers hitherto conceded to the New World, and particularly to the United States.

WHEN JAMES BLANCHARD, the precocious little scamp who lately personated Charley Ross at St. Albans, reached his home in Milford, a correspondent of the Springfield Republican says that "the streets were crowded, and his weeping mother clasped the little liar to her bosom, and promised not to whip him." But he richly deserved a whipping, and the only pretext for his mother's "sparing the rod" is that she manifestly could not further "spoil the child."

RAILROAD COMPANIES enjoyed greater prosperity during 1875 than during the previous year, according to the *American Railroad Journal*, which says: "The finances of the railroads have been in a much steadier condition than previously. Few new defaults are to be chronicled, and railroads in good standing are still the safest customers to which our banks can lend their surplus, and it is thought that the banks can do no better with their idle funds than to lend to railroads doing a legitimate carrying business until trade takes a new start. The year has witnessed a wholesale and wholesome liquidation of broken-down railroads. Several have been re-organized through foreclosures, and the process now going on in regard to many roads is a healthy one. During the year California, with only one-fifteenth of the population and capital, has built a third or fourth of all the new roads in the country, and is still pushing new lines in various places. Over five thousand men are now engaged upon the construction of the Southern Pacific Road. This industry has evidently gone backward as far as it is going, and now every impulse is forward towards renewed prosperity."

THE KHEDIVE AND MR. CAVE.—Strange and somewhat contradictory rumors come to us from Egypt regarding the relations of His Highness the Khédive and the British Commissioner, Mr. Thomas Cave, M. P. A rumor which found its way across the Atlantic Cable to the effect that between the two a serious difficulty had arisen, and that His Highness in a burst of temper had openly insulted the Commissioner, has been contradicted. It would seem, however, as if Mr. Cave had not found the Egyptian finances altogether to his liking. Evidently there is something wrong somewhere. Nubur Pacha, for many years the most trusted adviser of the Khédive, and for some considerable length of time his Minister of Foreign Affairs, has resigned. It may turn out to be true that Mr. Cave did advise the dismissal of the Finance Minister, and that there was a difficulty. The Viceroy is but little accustomed to plain speaking, and we can easily imagine that he little liked the unvarnished truth as spoken in blunt British fashion. The Viceroy, as all who are acquainted with the state of things in Egypt are aware, has been wildly extravagant. His own affairs, when properly examined, may be found to be less prosperous than they have been supposed to be by the general public. Mr. Cave who, it will be remembered, made a visit to this country some few years ago in connection with certain railroad matters, is the very man to probe things to the bottom; and if there is anything wrong, the truth will not be concealed.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA AT SARATOGA.—In the boating world there have occurred within the last few days two important events—Harvard has decided not to retire from the Rowing Association, at least, until after the next annual contest; and the Rowing Association has agreed that the University race of 1876 shall take place, as it has done for the last two years, at Saratoga. With the one event and with the other the public have reason to be well pleased. Yale has taken a most undignified course in retiring from the Rowing Association. It would have been a source of general regret if Harvard had followed the example. Harvard and Yale have both great reason to be proud of their past records; but there is surely a want of true manliness in retiring from an Association of which they may be said to be the parents, because in some of their younger rivals they have found successful antagonists. Fortune may return to her old favorites; and if anything is wrong in the Constitution & By-laws of the Association, there is the more reason why Harvard and Yale should remain inside the organization and give it the benefit of their larger experience. It is to be hoped that Harvard will discover good cause before or during the contest of 1876 to abandon her purpose, and continue in the Association. Her example might be all-powerful with Yale. In choosing Saratoga as the place for the next contest, the Association can only be praised for revealing sound common sense. There is no other place in the Middle or Eastern States at all comparable to Saratoga Lake for the purpose intended. The experience of the last two years confirmed its superiority to any place which had formerly been tried. As the New York *Herald* well puts it: "If any other place in the Eastern or Middle States can at all compare with Saratoga in being suited to the University Race, it is strange that it was not heard from long ago." The truth is, there is no place in the United States—no place, perhaps, in the world—which, for many reasons, is so admirably adapted for an Intercollegiate Boat Race. The lake itself is all that could be wished; from the surrounding shores the boats can be seen during their entire course; and, if any importance attaches to the spectators, the Saratoga crowd of onlookers may be said to be without a rival. For the time-being, the neighborhood has become the chosen home of Fashion. Beauty, taste, style and intelligence are all well represented. At Saratoga, during the boating season, the best people of the United States are seen at their best. The Centennial Exhibition will this year keep our people at home. As a consequence, Saratoga will be more than ordinarily brilliant. Should any of the British Universities decide to take part in the contest, the University Race of 1876 will be rendered specially memorable.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

NEW ENGLAND.—P. C. Cheney received the Republican nomination for Governor of New Hampshire, upon a hard-money, anti-third-term platform. . . . Alexander N. Rice was sworn in as Governor of Massachusetts. . . . Ex-Governor Claflin was authorized to invite the National Committee to hold the National Republican Convention in Boston.

MIDDLE STATES.—The trial of George D. Lord for alleged canal frauds was opened at Buffalo, N. Y. . . . Judge Robertson was elected President pro tem. of the New York Senate, and General Husted Speaker of the House. . . . Saratoga was selected as the place of the Collegiate Regatta this year. . . . The annual contest in oratory of the Intercollegiate Literary Association was held at New York. . . . The New York Chamber of Commerce adopted a memorial to the Legislature for placing the canals under a Superintendent of Public Works. . . . Governor Tilden refused to pardon Edward Stokes. . . . A railroad controversy occurred near Trenton, N. J., necessitating the presence of State troops and a decision from the Chancellor. . . . Plymouth Church directed its Committee of Arrangements to present its case to the Mutual Council in the Moulton matter. . . . The Pennsylvania Legislature assembled at Harrisburg on the 4th instant.

THE SOUTH.—A new naval station will shortly be established at Port Royal, S. C. . . . The Louisiana State Democratic Convention was held at New Orleans. . . . L. Q. C. Lamar, at present member of Congress, was elected United States Senator for Mississippi. . . . The Hon. Richard Coke received the Democratic nomination for Governor of Texas. . . . An unsuccessful attempt was made to elect a United States Senator in the Kentucky Legislature.

THE WEST.—Dr. Linderman reported in favor of establishing the new mint at Indianapolis, Ind. . . . A successful experiment was made at Milwaukee with an apparatus designed to transmit eight telegraph messages each way at the same moment. . . . Governor-Elect R. B. Hayes, of Ohio, was inaugurated on the 10th. . . . The St. Louis Whisky trials will be resumed on the 20th. . . . The Chicago distillery fraud cases were called on the 11th.

FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Forty-two tons of meat sent from New York were sold in London at good prices, thus proving the success of the experiment. . . . Lord Lytton will succeed Lord Northbrook as Viceroy of India, and the latter will be created an Earl. . . . The scheme of the Watkin Committee was adopted by the Erie bondholders, and Governor Tilden will be asked to act as referee. . . . Negotiations are in progress for the re-establishment of the steamship line between Cardiff and New York. . . . The "Home Rule" party in the House of Commons agreed to support Mr. Butt's Land Bill.

SPAIN.—Señor Castelar, ex-President of the Republic, agreed to stand for the Cortes at Barcelona and Valencia. He advocates universal suffrage, free universities, and separation of Church and State. . . . Negotiations with the Vatican were suspended until after the election for the Cortes. . . . Señor Cardenas was appointed Ambassador to the Vatican. . . . Masters of British vessels were warned to keep off the coast east of Bilbao, on account of the Carlist batteries. . . . A Constitutional party was formed which expects to secure from 115 to 120 seats in the Cortes. . . . A new plan of a campaign against the Carlists was decided by a council of ministers and the King. . . . It was reported that the Washington note on Cuban affairs proposed a West Indian confederation, and asked the Great Powers to join the United States in aiding Cuba to establish it, while it denied the desire to acquire territory. . . . A Spanish man-of-war has captured a vessel under a German flag laden with contraband articles. . . . The Government gave permission to several exiled generals to return. . . . General Tristany, a noted Carlist leader, offered to declare allegiance to the King if permitted to retain his military rank.

FRANCE.—The Government desires to act in accord with England and Italy on the Turkish reforms proposed by Austria. . . . M. Gambetta will stand as a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies to test the feeling about his compromise policy.

TURKEY.—The Grand Vizier rejected the idea of foreign mediation in the Austrian plan for the settlement of the troubles. . . . The Government ordered the Circassians in Bulgaria to be organized into twelve battalions to guard the Serbian frontier.

RUSSIA.—There is much alarm at the immense falling off in the exportation of wheat caused by American competition, and Odessa is virtually bankrupt in consequence. . . . In reply to a note from the Prince of Montenegro, who said he could maintain his neutrality only at the cost of his crown and life, the Czar urged him to persevere, and intimated assistance.

GERMANY.—Archbishop Ledochowski's term of imprisonment will expire February 3d, when it is supposed there will be a general Catholic celebration. He will hasten to Rome to receive the Pope's instructions for the future. . . . The Government was reported to be favorable to the propositions in the American note. . . . Notwithstanding Von Arnim's physician reports him too ill to go to prison, he is to be summoned from Switzerland, and if he fails to return a general denunciation against him will be published.

AUSTRIA.—The Archduke Rudolph is to be crowned King of Hungary. . . . The American note is said to have met with a cool reception at Vienna. . . . It was reported that 40,000 Austrian troops would very shortly occupy Bosnia. . . . Count Andrassy's proposals are designed to remedy the grievances indicated by the Congress of Consuls last Summer.

OBITUARY.

DECEMBER 10th, 1875.—At Christiana, Norway, Dr. William Boeck, known throughout Europe and America for his schemes of curing virulent diseases by vaccination, aged 75 years.

"23d.—At Paris, Vicomte Arthur de la Guerrou-rier, Councillor of State under the Empire, and formerly Ambassador to Brussels and Constantinople, aged 60 years.

JANUARY 4th, 1876.—At London, Sir Anthony Rothschild, a member of the celebrated firm of bankers, aged 65.

"4th.—At Albany, N. Y., Peter Gansevoort, son of the hero of Fort Stanwix, aged 88. He had been Judge Advocate-General of New York Militia, Judge of the Albany County Courts, and a member of both branches of the State Legislature.

"9th.—At City Point, South Boston, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, a participant in the Greek insurrection, with the rank of Surgeon-in-Chief of the fleet; one of the Santo Domingo Commissioners; a lifelong abolitionist, a great traveler and a distinguished philanthropist, aged 75 years.

At Moscow, Michael Petrovich Pogodine, considered the most able of Russian historians.

At Paris, M. Jules de Mohl, a distinguished Oriental scholar, and one of the "Immortals," aged 75 years.

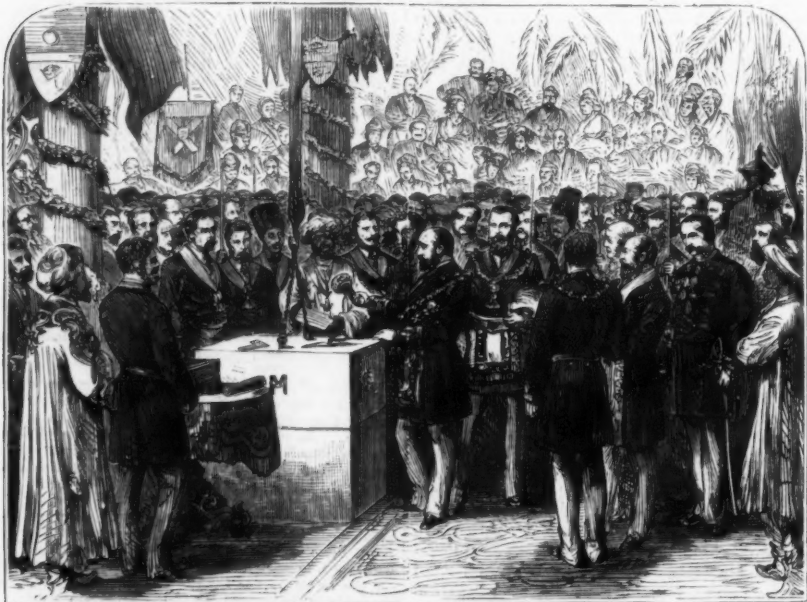
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 323.



FRANCE.—THE ELECTION OF SENATORS-FOR-LIFE IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.



SPAIN.—THE "SOMATEN," OR GENERAL LEVY OF CATALONIAN PEASANTS AGAINST THE CARLISTS.



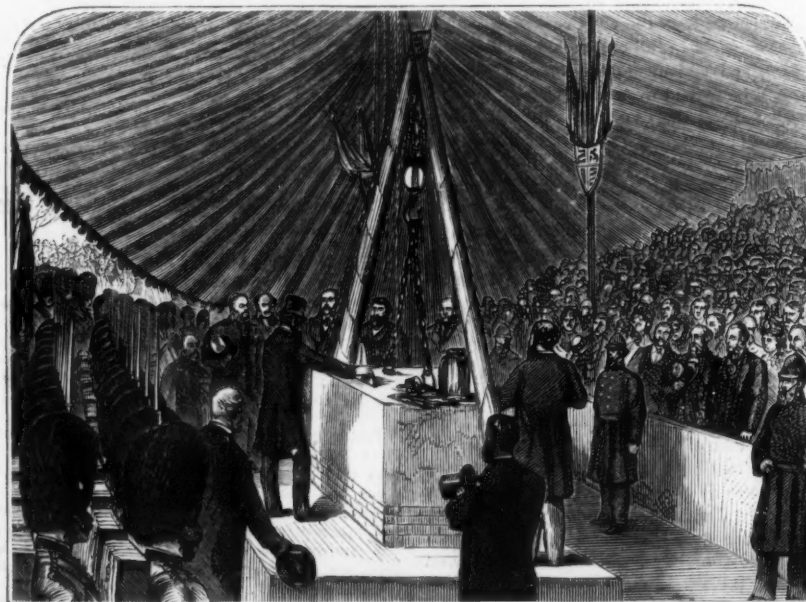
THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.—THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW DOCK AT BOMBAY.



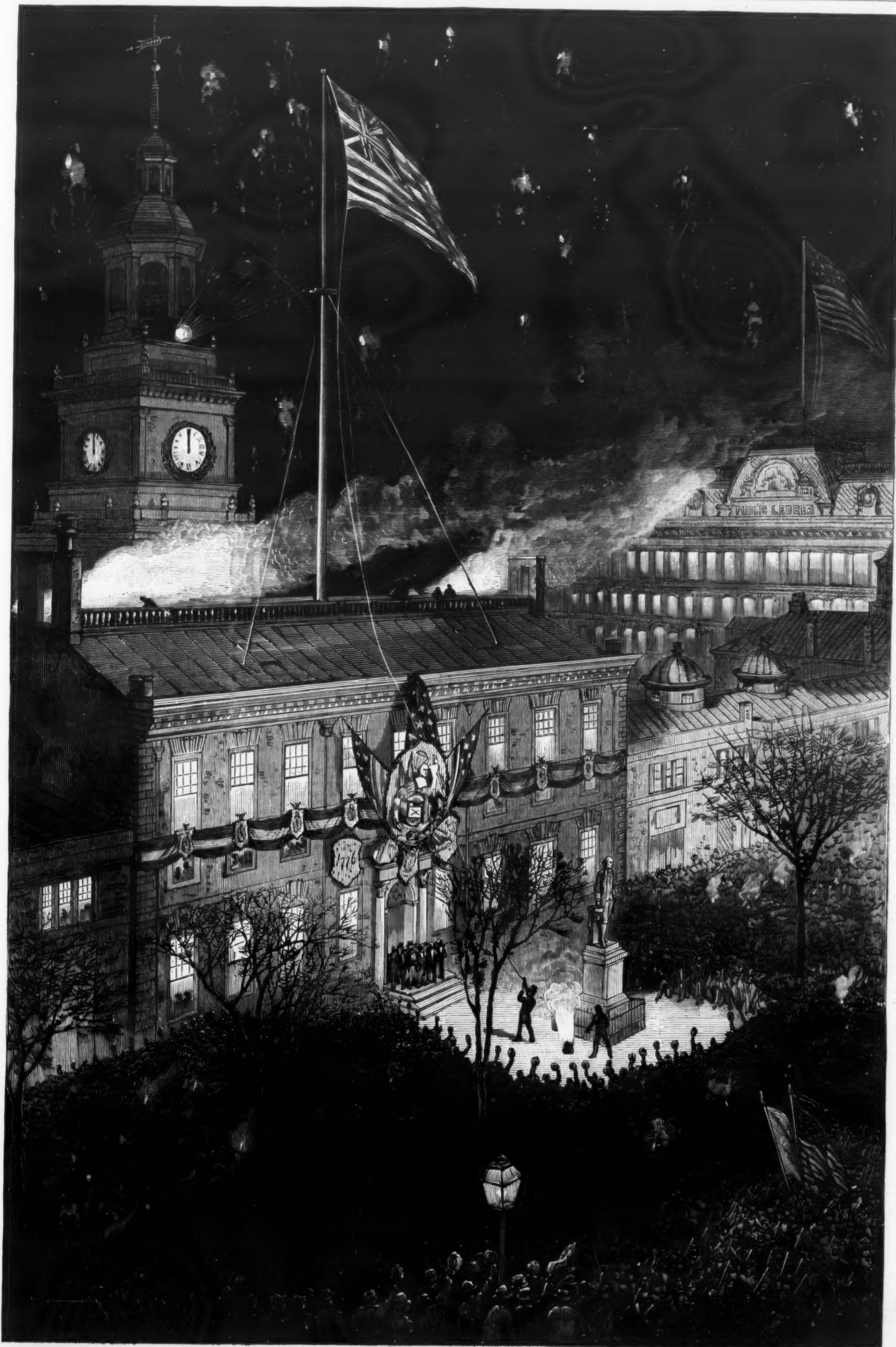
THE HERZEGOVINA INSURRECTION.—BRINGING WOUNDED INSURGENTS INTO RAGUSA.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA.—STATE RECEPTION OF NATIVE PRINCES BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.



ENGLAND.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—CEREMONIES IN FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, CHESTNUT STREET, AT THE OPENING OF THE CENTENNIAL YEAR—MAYOR STOKLY RAISING THE OLD COLONIAL FLAG.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 323.

A SMILE AND A SIGH.

BY
CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

A SMILE because the nights are short!
And every morning brings such pleasure
Of sweet love making, harmless sport;
Love that makes and finds its treasure
Love, treasure without measure.
A sigh because the days are long!
Long, long these days that pass in sighing;
A burden saddens every song;
While time lags that should be flying,
We live who would be dying.

Cary of Hunsdon.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF '76.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

CHAPTER V.—FIRING THE SLOW-MATCH.

BEFORE leaving this early period in my life, I shall speak of a last incident which is intimately connected with the great historic drama I aim to delineate in these memoirs. I was walking along Gloucester Street, in Williamsburg, on a May morning in the year 1765, when I heard a voice behind me calling my name, and turning round, recognized my friend Thomas Jefferson. I had become very intimate with him, but he had soon left college, where he had preceded me, and was now a law-student in the office of Chancellor Wythe. Jefferson's personal appearance was unchanged. The afterwards famous statesman was a tall, spare, ruddy, brown-haired, laughing young man, springy of step and cheery of voice.

"Where are you going, Cary?" he said.
"I am merely walking out," I replied.
"Well, extend your walk to the Capitol. There will be a hot fight there to-day."
"A hot fight?"
"On the Stamp Act, that sum of all abominations."
"Will it be considered to-day?"
"Yes, and the Burgesses will be driven to take some action—what they will do I confess I am unable to predict. They will temporize, I think, and all will be lost! Why cannot our Solons understand that blows must be met with counterblows—resistance—not with milk-and-water protests, or humble petitions to his sacred Majesty! Oh, for a man to utter what the people, the source of everything, feel in their hearts—what trembles on their lips! But we have no such man. Come, Cary, let us go and be present at the farce, which will precede the tragedy—the tragedy of 'America in Chains'!"

He drew me by the arm, and we went on towards the Old Capitol, where the House was in session. It was plain that the moment had arrived when England and the Colonies were ready to quarrel, and the Home Government seemed high-gravelling to the state of public feeling in the country. The Americans seemed to be thoroughly broken to harness. They could apparently be driven to the Parliamentary coach without the least danger from kicking. And yet never was a greater mistake. Everywhere a bitter enmity was springing up against England. Men's hearts began to burn with the long years of oppressive legislation, and their blood to grow hot. It is probable that this fire, long smoldering beneath the surface, would have continued to smolder, if the Home Government had had the good sense to adopt a prudent and conciliatory policy. Instead of doing so, they discharged the onerous Stamp Act, like a cannon-shot, at the Colonies, and the fire burst above the surface.

I reached the Capitol arm-in-arm with Jefferson, and, pushing through the crowd in the lobby, we obtained places at the door. The large apartment was full. In front, on a dais, beneath a canopy held aloft by a golden rod, sat the Speaker, and below him was the Clerk, on whose table lay the mace, signifying that the House was in full session. Right and left extended the lines of imposing old planters in embroidered coats, with snowy ruffles, and hair elaborately powdered—they were the flower of a strong race, and I observed upon every countenance an expression of dignity and gravity which must have impressed the most careless spectator.

The Stamp Act came up for consideration, and for some moments there was a profound silence. It was known that the planters, generally, were in favor of a "redress of grievances," not of a separation from England. How was this redress to be obtained?

The silence continued. I then saw my friend, the angler of the Pamunkey, Patrick Henry, rise slowly, with a discolored sheet of paper in his hand, and begin to speak in a low tone. His appearance, amid the fine assembly of "nobles," as the old planters were then called, was positively shabby. He wore an old coat, originally of a peach-blossom tint, but now faded and dingy, a plain tie-wig, without powder, and knee-breeches of leather, soiled by riding. A more uncouth-looking personage I never saw.

I could not hear the first words which he uttered; I caught, however, the tenor of the resolutions which he proceeded to read—hastily written, as I afterwards ascertained, on a blank leaf torn from a volume of "Coke on Lyttelton." The substance of the resolutions was that Parliament had no right to tax the Colony of Virginia—the right lay solely in the House of Burgesses.

The reading of this paper—essentially an open defiance of England—was followed by a long, almost tumultuous murmur, and all eyes were suddenly turned on the unknown speaker in his shabby dress. That murmur was plainly hostile, and, as before, at Hanover Court House, opposition aroused the hidden fire.

Henry began to speak in earnest. His face kindled, and his voice began to vibrate above the assembly—soon it began to thunder. Again I saw that wondrous transformation. His eyes seemed to flame, his person grew in height. As he went on, the muttering of the hostile voices grew louder, and the passion of the speaker increased as though in response to it. At last he exclaimed that Cæsar and Charles I. had had their Brutus and Cromwell, and "George III. might—"

Here he was interrupted by cries of "Treason! treason!"

His face assumed at this an expression of superb defiance, and, with both arms raised, he added, "And George III. may profit by the example! If this be treason, make the most of it!"

He sat down, and a dozen speakers rose to their feet. A fiery debate followed, and it seemed that the resolutions were going to be crushed. But they were not. When submitted to the House, they were carried by a single vote, and the assembly broke up in great confusion.

"Did you ever listen to a debate so bloody!" exclaimed Jefferson.

"Bloody, indeed!" I said.

"Here comes Peyton Randolph. Look at him! He is furious!"

Mr. Randolph, a tall and fine-looking man, nearly rushed past us, exclaiming, with an oath:

"I would have given five hundred guineas for a single vote!"

Behind him, with his head drooping, and an old pair of saddlebags on his arm, came Patrick Henry. As he passed us, a roughly-clad countryman in the crowd slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Stick to it, old fellow, or we are gone!"

He was already the great "Man of the People."

CHAPTER VI.—THE PAVILION AT MONTICELLO.

I HAD left college for some years, and embarked in the practice of the law, when I received a note from my friend Thomas Jefferson, inviting me to officiate as one of the groomsmen at his wedding.

He was about to marry a beautiful and very wealthy young widow living at "The Forest," in Charles City County, on James River, and was reported to have borne his ladylove off from many rivals. Two of these gentlemen, it was said, not knowing that the young lady was engaged, had come to visit her, and reached the door at the same moment. As they were about to enter, they heard the sound of a harpsichord, and voices singing—were indiscreet enough to glance through the drawing-room window—and returned without intruding on the happy lovers!

I dispatched a reply to my friend informing him that I would be present punctually, and on the day appointed—the 1st of January, 1772—reached "The Forest" through a light snowstorm, and was cordially welcomed. The house was overflowing with guests, and blazed from garret to basement with lights and huge log fires. Jefferson hastened to meet me—I was introduced to the young lady assigned to me as my bridesmaid—and an hour afterwards the marriage ceremony was performed by the old black-gowned parson in the large drawing-room, which was crowded with relatives and friends.

Kisses, congratulations and good wishes followed, and I was presented to Mrs. Jefferson. She was really a beauty. Her figure was graceful, her complexion very fair, her eyes large and of a brilliant hazel, and her hair luxuriant and of a bright auburn. I have neglected to speak of my bridesmaid, Miss Nell Warrington, the daughter of old Colonel Warrington of "Claremont," a little further down the river. She was a pretty and very mischievous-looking maiden of about seventeen, with sparkling eyes, unfailing gaiety and very considerable wit. It was impossible not to be amused by her *badinage*, and "silvery laughter," as the poets say; and when I retired to rest at daylight, after dancing innumerable reels with her, I found myself dancing with Miss Nell still in my dreams.

When I came down to breakfast I saw a traveling-carriage laden with trunks in front of the door, and was informed that the bridegroom and his bride were about to set out for Jefferson's residence in the mountains. After breakfast he drew me aside and said:

"Will you do me a favor, my dear Cary?"

"A favor?"

"Come with us to 'Monticello,' if only for three or four days. I am really afraid that Madame Jefferson will die of loneliness, unless she has some agreeable company. And listen to this additional inducement, my dear fellow. Madame has an intimate friend who is going with us for a visit—a Miss Nell Warrington, who takes the third seat in the coach. There is a *fourth*—and my servant shall ride your horse."

I surrendered at discretion—the little jaunt promised many attractions. We entered the old coach, the company saluted us with their handkerchiefs, and threw old shoes after us for good luck, and we set out on our journey to the mountains.

The light snowstorm had cleared, and we rolled merrily over the softly-carpeted road, stopping on the first night at the house of a friend named Richmond. We then resumed our journey, and proceeded towards the mountains, the next resting-place being "Blenheim," the country-seat of Colonel Carter. This we reached just at nightfall, but were much disappointed to find Colonel Carter absent. His manager, however, finding that we were friends of his employer, gave us a hospitable reception, provided us with an excellent supper, and we retired, intending to set out early and reach Monticello on the next afternoon to dinner.

Man proposes, heaven disposes. During the night a snowstorm descended, and after breakfast it was still falling. What was to be done? A glance at the heavy drifts indicated that it would be utterly impossible to drag the coach laden with the bride's trunks through the mountain roads; and after a long consultation it was unanimously agreed that we should all proceed on horseback, leaving the coach at "Blenheim." The reception of this adventurous proposal by the bride and her fair bridesmaid encouraged us. They were delighted. Three of the horses were taken from the vehicle, saddles and riding-dresses were procured—I mounted my own horse—and we all set out through the snow, toiling on slowly, and watching the sun as it gradually sank towards the mountain.

The landscape was the picture of desolation. The snow lay nearly two feet in depth over the whole face of the earth, and in places had drifted into enormous heaps, which the horses plunged through with the greatest difficulty. The short Winter day seemed to touch its noon and hasten rapidly to hide itself in the night. Still our little cavalcade struggled on through the falling flakes, and, I confess, as night approached I grew not a little uneasy at the thought that two young and delicate women, reared in luxury and sheltered from every blast, might be exposed to the danger of actually freezing to death in this lonely land over which the snow-covered mountain seemed to lean in sombre majesty, the belts of forest clothing them weighed down with their white burden. At last it seemed impossible to proceed any further. The narrow road we were pursuing descended into a hollow, and the snow had drifted at the spot into an impassable mass. The two lords of creation—that is to say, Jefferson and myself—must have looked very blank, for the bride burst into a fit of sudden laughter.

"Fie! gentlemen!" she exclaimed; "have you not learned that when an obstacle is in your path, you may go around it if you cannot go over it?"

She turned her horse quickly, and rode up an almost precipitous bank—Miss Warrington imitating her. We followed, and from the lofty point a house was seen, crowning a little mountain a mile distant.

"There is Monticello!" said Jefferson. "Heaven be thankful!"

"And we are certain to arrive in time for supper!" laughed Madame.

Jefferson looked somewhat rueful, and I even discovered the meaning of this comic depression. We plunged on, mounted a winding road, entered the grounds, and calling for servants—received no answer! We were evidently not expected, and had the cheerless prospect before us of no fire and no supper! But on this day Winter journey everything seemed to afford our two "weaker ven-

sels" food for merriment. They rallied the bridegroom for bringing poor defenseless creatures like themselves from the delights of the lowland to this sombre mountain retreat—laughed in the most contagious way—and, declaring that they saw the necessity of taking care of themselves, essayed to leap from their saddles. Madame succeeded in lighting upon her feet, but Miss Nell Warrington was not so successful. Her little red heel caught in her stirrup, the graceful figure leaned suddenly towards me, and a moment afterwards the pretty maiden was lying upon my breast, clasped closely in my arms, to prevent her from falling at full length upon the snow!

Whatever the philosophers may say, there is a certain secret charm in thus supporting a maiden of seventeen, with rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and curls which, if for a moment only, brush your forehead. At twenty-four the heart beats warmly at the contact of ribbons and roses—when it does not, 'tis because there is no heart there to throb. Miss Warrington laughed, struggled, extricated her foot, repulsed my protecting arms, and resolutely plunged her small feet, with their delicate slippers and white silk stockings, into the snow. She then ran after the bride, who was being led by the groom towards a little pavilion; and here we were delighted to find a motherly old African assiduously kindling a fire, which sprung up with a rapidity of which only this favored race have the secret.

That little mountain pavilion—how well I remember it! It was the first erected portion, I believe, of the famous house of "Monticello," known now in Europe and America—a mere lodge with plain furniture, some bookshelves full of law-books, a lounge, and a fireplace, where the flames were now roaring. Besides the pavilion, there were only two or three chambers, and a few outhouses for servants. The servants hurried in, a table was set; and, throwing themselves on the lounge, the young ladies gazed with an expression of childish delight on their surroundings, evidently regarding the whole affair as a charming adventure. Supper seemed still further to enliven their spirits, and the sight of snowflakes steadily descending without completed the agreeable contrast of their present and recent condition. All was joy and laughter; the bride and her friend seemed pleased with everything; and when Jefferson rummaged behind the old law-books and brought out a bottle of excellent Madeira, it was evidently the general opinion that the occasion should be celebrated.

That scene was one of the gayest I have ever witnessed, and remains in my memory as a bright comedy read in a book. The wine sparkled in the glasses grasped by jeweled hands; the fire danced; the eyes of the bride and her companion danced too; with songs, jests and laughter the hours fled by like birds, and it was past midnight when we were conducted by the smiling old African nurse to our apartments.

I have forgotten in my life a number of things, some of them things of great "importance," but I shall never forget, I think, should I live to a hundred years, that gay little picture of the "stern political genius," Mr. Thomas Jefferson, and his bride, in their new home. The wind blustered without, the snow fell, and the Winter was drear—but within the little pavilion of the mountains all was light and warmth. The old graybeard was paralyzed by the bright fire, and the songs and laughter of the happy young bridegroom and his bride!

CHAPTER VII.—CLAREMONT.

I REMAINED at Monticello for about a week, at the end of which time I mounted and returned to Hunsdon.

It was not until the month of May that Miss Nell Warrington returned to the lowland. I discovered the fact of her return home from a friend who was acquainted with her, found myself at the moment with time on my hands, and resolved to go and visit her at "Claremont," the residence of her father, just above Williamsburg.

Does the reader ask if I had fallen a victim to this young lady's charms? I really feel some difficulty in replying to such a question. I admired her wit, was strongly attracted by her exuberant spirits, thought her personally very attractive, and having reached that age when a young man thinks of marrying, determined to go and see if I desired to marry Miss Nell Warrington, and if she desired to marry me! Such was the mood in which I mounted and set out for Claremont, which I came in sight of about sunset on a beautiful May evening. It was an imposing old manor-house, standing on a hill, was surrounded by very extensive grounds, and from the long and lofty piazza extending the whole length of the house you caught a glimpse in the far distance of the waters of the James River.

As I rode up to the front door and dismounted, I saw a young lady seated on a rustic chair under a tree. She rose quickly, and I recognized Miss Nell Warrington. She came towards me holding out her hand with an expression of unaffected pleasure, conducted me into the house; and here I was presented to the rest of the family.

Colonel Warrington—the title was merely one of courtesy—was a distinguished-looking old personage, with English side whiskers, and an air of lordly good nature. There never was a more excellent or a prouder man. As I came to know him afterwards more and more intimately, I wondered more and more at the extraordinary influence that pride of family exerted over him. I am convinced that he honestly believed the Warrington blood purer than any other whatever—than that of the very premier duke of England. In this there was no affectation whatever, and he never obtruded the subject upon anybody. You would as soon have expected Louis XIV. to boast of the antiquity of the Bourbon blood, or the "proud Duke of Somerset" to inform you that his family was of ancient origin! The Warrington importance was a fact, in the old colonel's eyes, so very well established that it was able to take care of itself. You rarely ascertained his sentiments. He was perfectly well-bred. The humblest visitor was received with cordial courtesy and attention. The colonel's temper was excellent; his intellect clear and just. He had only one mania, but that was controlling—that the head of the house of Warrington was, in the very nature of things, a vastly grander personage than the head of any other house whatsoever!

Colonel Warrington was ruled by Mrs. Warrington. This excellent lady would have her way. What she thought, you must think. What she disapproved of, was wrong for that sufficient reason—what she approved of, was right, because she approved of it. Accept her views, and you were regarded as the most rational of human beings; venture to differ with her, and the mild astonishment of her expression told you, silently, what estimate she placed on your intelligence. A better person never lived. She was extremely generous, profuse in her charities, and would cheerfully wear out her strength nursing anybody that was sick. Unselfishness is so beautiful that it atones for nearly all things, and never was any one less selfish than Mrs. Warrington. She was certainly dogmatic—but why complain of that? You had only to agree with her in everything!—as the colonel did.

Tall, Colonel Warrington was the imposing face of the Claremont timepiece; the quiet little lady was the mainspring.

Besides these two excellent people, and the gay Miss Nell, there was but one other member of the family—Miss Honoria Warrington. She was a really superb beauty, apparently about twenty—tall, queen-like, with a brilliant complexion, and dark hair and eyes. She habitually wore the richest silks, bracelets sparkling with jewels, and I never saw her beautiful dark hair undecorated with pearls. She always impressed me as a dazzling flower whose sole duty in life was to look beautiful. It was only long afterwards that I came to discover how much character and true feeling lay under her haughty languor. One trait only of the young beauty I shall add in this place. She was not in the least under the influence of Mrs. Warrington, silently refused to be ruled by her, and invariably acted in accordance with her own views, unless her father objected, when she quietly yielded and followed the course which he approved.

Such was the family in the midst of which I now found myself domiciled.

CHAPTER VIII.—I HEAR OF ONE OLD FRIEND AND MEET WITH ANOTHER.

ON the evening of my arrival at Claremont, I was walking, after tea, with Miss Nell, on the portico.

"You have come just in time!" she exclaimed. "There is a delightful party at Mr. Carter's to-morrow night. Sister Honoria is not going, but I am; and you shall have the immense honor of escorting me, if you have no objection, sir."

"I have not the least—is it necessary to assure you of that?"

"Everybody will be there," continued Miss Nell, not responding to the latter part of my speech. "I should not even be surprised if Mr. Dinsmore was tempted to emerge from his castle of Dungeonnesse!"

"Dinsmore!" I exclaimed. "What Dinsmore?"

"Oh! the delightful and unsociable Mr. Dinsmore—for he is both. I had the honor of receiving the perfection of a bow and smile from him once, when we were introduced—it was by pure accident; but he has never thought Claremont worth visiting; it appears, and is said to go nowhere."

"Dinsmore!" I said again, with great surprise, "the name is an uncommon one. Can it be? What is his age?"

"I should suppose about thirty-five—not so much as forty."

"His personal appearance?"

"He is tall, with hair nearly black, and I think his eyes are brown. I know they are very bright and fine."

"Is he dark?"

"Very."

"It must be my Dinsmore! Is he bright, gay, the soul of good humor?"

My companion laughed.

"Not the least in the world! But you are examining me, sir, as though I were a witness in a court of law, and I decline further interrogation—for the best reason in the world, that I have told you all I know, except that Mr. Dinsmore came to live in the neighborhood about a year since, at 'Dungeonnesse,' a very fine old house which he purchased. Oh! yes, there is one other piece of information I can give you. About ten years ago, he was private secretary to Governor Fauquier."

"There is no longer any doubt, he is my Dinsmore," I said. I then gave Miss Nell Warrington an account of my brief acquaintance with Dinsmore at Williamsburg, and spoke of the friendship I had conceived for him.

"Oh! I like to hear of male friendships," was her response; "they mean something. As to girls, they kiss and care nothing for each other, the good-for-nothing things!"

"You are unjust to your sex! So Dinsmore lives near you, and his house is called Dungeonnesse? Is it a dungeon?"

"Far from it. I have visited it frequently."

"Since his residence there?"

"Oh, no indeed! The idea! It is plain that you do not know Mr. Dinsmore as well as you suppose you do. Not a female soul is admitted into that enchanted realm. It is forbidden!"

"My friend is not married?"

"No indeed."

"And visits nobody?"

"No one, I think."

"And lives in solitary grandeur—or misery—in his enchanted castle?"

"I do not know that he is miserable, but I know that there is not a soul belonging to the female sex at Dungeonnesse, unless it is some old house-keeper."

"I shall go and see Dinsmore immediately. His presence here is a most agreeable surprise."

"See how fortunate your visit is! You come in time for a delightful party, and hear of an old friend near you."

I looked into the pretty eyes of Miss Nell Warrington and said:

"I hope my visit will be fortunate in every respect, but you alone can—"

I heard no sound whatever, but the young lady did—or did not. Mrs. Warrington, according to her statement, called her from an upper window; and with a hurried apology she ran up-stairs. Miss Warrington's prolonged assistance in some capacity was needed, it appeared, as she did not come down again until tea was on the table. She then tripped down the staircase, all smiles, ease, and innocence, ran to the tea-tray humming an air; and shot at me a laughing side-glance, which I fancied was a glance of triumph.

I was prevented from making my visit to Dinsmore on the next morning, and in the evening went with Nell Warrington, and another young lady who had come to Claremont to be chaperoned, to the party at Mr. Carter's, where a brilliant company had assembled and were enjoying themselves with music and dancing. My visit seemed destined to throw me in contact with a number of old friends. I had just led Miss Warrington to a seat after dancing with her, when I saw her color slightly and make a little bow to some one behind me. I turned round, and there was Marcus Fontaine.

We exchanged a cordial grasp of the hand, and he exhibited great pleasure at seeing me again. He was taller, darker, and more sinewy in figure. His air of mingled phlegm and cool resolution had, if anything, grown upon him, and his dark eyes set in the peculiar French face were remarkable for their fixed and penetrating expression. Altogether his personal appearance must have attracted attention from the most unobservant.

In five minutes I thought I saw very plainly that my fair companion was more to him than an acquaintance, and even friend. Whether she regarded him in any such light, it was impossible to discover. Before the evening was over I had a long conversation with him, and ascertained that the Rev. Mr. Fontaine had removed to the parish in which Claremont was situated—his house was only a few miles distant. Marcus informed me that he was quite uncertain what profession in life he would follow. He had, he said, a predilection for the army.

and hoped to procure an ensign's commission through friends in London. For the present he was waiting. After which announcement, he looked unconsciously towards Nell Warrington, who was dancing a minuet. He would certainly come and see me, he added; and soon after this conversation the party broke up, and the coach rolled back to Claremont.

I remained awake a long time reflecting upon this unexpected incident. My musing resulted in nothing, and leaving the future to take care of itself, I fell asleep.

On the next morning, after breakfast, I mounted my horse and set out on the road to Dinsmore's house, which stood a little lower down, and not far from the banks of James River.

CHAPTER IX.—DINSMORE AGAIN.

I WAS following a road running along the bank of the river, when I saw not far from there a very graceful little sail-boat, which was tacking about, dauncing upon the broad current on which a light wind ruffled, and sporting, so to say, like a sea-gull. In the stern of this boat, whose large triangular sail seemed familiar, I saw a figure which I was tolerably sure was that of Dinsmore.

As I drew nearer I recognized him, and saw that he also recognized me, for he rapidly turned the prow of the boat to shore. It came skimming along, dividing the foam with its graceful cutwater, and a few moments afterwards Dinsmore landed and greeted me with warm cordiality.

I looked at him with attention. He was very much changed. His figure was broader and stronger, and he seemed to be approaching forty. His former riant and joyous expression, full of life and friendliness, had entirely disappeared, and his manner had in it a singular mixture of sadness and satire. But neither was very well defined. The predominating expression of the features was one of philosophic composure. Dinsmore's air was that of a man disposed to laugh at human nature and human life as things more or less absurd. Now and then the still brilliant eyes grew dreamy—often they were careless. It was not the old Dinsmore I saw—something had changed him. He was stronger, but less happy. His dress, as on our first acquaintance, was conspicuous for its elegance. It was of dark cloth, richly embroidered, and his ruffles were of exquisite fineness. There was a dash of the hunter in his coat with its many pockets, and his tread was firm and strong.

A few words explained my presence. I was visiting his neighbor, Colonel Warrington, I simply informed him, and he insisted that I should come home with him. There was his house on the hill, a mile off. I assented at once. Dinsmore then furling the sail of his boat with an experienced hand; tied the bark by a chain to the trunk of a tree, and mounting a very fine riding-horse tied to a bough, led the way towards his house.

"Well, my dear Cary," he said, as we went along, "your visit is a real benefaction, and a surprise too, as my presence here in Virginia must be to you."

"Yes; I had not heard of your return."

"I only came last year, though I have thought of coming for some time. I fell in love with Virginia in the time of His Excellency Governor Fauquier; but tell me about yourself"—which I proceeded to do in a succinct fashion.

"You are on the way to a highly respectable condition"—he laughed—"that of a planter, legislator and paterfamilias; but you do not impress me as quite so gay as you were formerly. But, then, I too am changed no doubt. Youth is the great secret—the true *segreto per esser felici*!"

"It is indeed."

"The young are charming, but are a little too gay for me sometimes. It is not the gay man that I like best in this world. The gourd rattles merrily, but it is often empty and wears me. Now, I compliment you by saying that you have a pensive air, which I like better than your former one."

I laughed, after a somewhat forced fashion, and said:

"Perhaps I have something to trouble me."

"Trouble you? Come, banish all that, *mon garçon*! Trouble is a stupidity, and almost always a fancy. You will tell me, when the impulse takes you, what your annoyance is—people always do, and I generally bring back their sunshine. I don't thrust sympathy upon them, or argue on the subject that annoys them. I talk sense to them, and they end by laughing. There's your medicine for human ills—laugh at them!"

I made an attempt to follow my friend's counsel.

"You are a philosopher—every man is, my dear Dinsmore, when the affair is not his affair!"

"Very well; but one more observation, Cary. Life is a farce. Trouble is imaginary, like happiness. Good and bad fortune are equally chimeras—you never have as much of either as you expect to have."

"Well, I quite agree with you on that point, at least."

"See the gradual effect of true and profound philosophy! How pleasant to have a man of your intelligence to converse with—and an old friend, too! Your visit charms me, Cary. But here is my house."

We entered a large gate, above which were some armorial bearings, and ascended a gentle acclivity by a winding road of white gravel, through extensive grounds full of ornamental trees, towards the house. Some deer wandered under the great trees, cropping the grass, or raising their heads to look at us; and as we drew near the house, a dozen tawny foxhounds ran forward to greet Dinsmore, leaping and playing around his horse. The house was large and handsome—with wings, a long portico, and stone copings above the windows.

My friend was evidently one of those persons who are never made to wait. An English groom came promptly to take our horses, and we entered the house. Before me I saw a large hall, with a polished oak floor, and heavy carved wainscoting. The furniture was antique and massive. The balustrade of the broad staircase was especially ponderous and rich. Against the wall were the huge horns of an elk, supporting implements of the chase; and wherever the eye turned, it encountered old portraits, in fine oaken frames.

Dinsmore looked at me with his half-sad, half-careless smile, and said:

"Come in, my dear Cary! Dante wrote over his 'Inferno': 'He that enters here leaves hope behind.' I write over my doorway: 'He that crosses my threshold shall forget his troubles, if I can make him forget them!' Enter, friend! as the Arabs say; you are welcome!"

(To be continued.)

THE ST. LOUIS CROOKED WHISKY FRAUDS.

THERE never was such a bold and barefaced robbery of the Government as that perpetrated by the St. Louis Whisky Ring. It is supposed to have been organized in 1870 with the ostensible purpose of raising money for Republican electioneering uses.

A man named Condie G. Megrue is accredited with having suggested the idea, and to him also belongs much of the credit of breaking the Ring up. The amount of money out of which the Government was defrauded from 1870 to the Spring of 1875, is not less than \$3,500,000, a very small portion of which will be restored. The Government probably met a clear loss of \$3,000,000. The Ring was composed of Government officers, distillers, rectifiers, and a few outside parties. So far, about fifty men have been indicted. Some of these were indicted several times, and altogether, near one hundred and sixty indictments have been found. Prominent among those against whom true bills have been found are: General John McDonald, Supervisor of Internal Revenue; Colonel John A. Joyce, his assistant; Constantine McGuire, Collector for the First District of Missouri; William McKee, proprietor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat; Avery, Chief Clerk in the Internal Revenue Department in Washington; and General Babcock, the President's private secretary. When the Government raid was made last May and the suspected parties were arrested, they all pleaded not guilty, but since that time about twenty distillers, rectifiers and minor Government officers have withdrawn their plea of not guilty and entered pleas of guilty. General McDonald was tried and found guilty on eight counts charged in the grand jury's indictment against him. Colonel John A. Joyce was tried and found guilty. He is now in the Missouri State Penitentiary, while General McDonald is in the St. Louis County Jail awaiting sentence. Mr. Avery was tried and found guilty, but is out on bond. The trial of William McKee comes up January 20th, and that of General Babcock is set for January 30th.

Thus it will be seen that very little is left of an organization that almost dictated the policy of the American Government two years ago. The growth and downfall of the Ring are equally remarkable.

The system of fraud carried on necessitated the collusion of Government officers with the distillers and rectifiers. It got so that every officer who would not go into the Ring was discharged, and every distillery that would not obey its behests was bankrupted. The whisky manufacturers made very little, but the profits of the officials were enormous. It is said that McKee, of the *Globe-Democrat*, drew as high as \$1,000 a week, that Joyce got \$300 a week, and others in proportion.

When the Government raid was made last May, all the distilleries in St. Louis were seized, and four or five rectifying-houses were taken possession of. All these distilleries, save one, were found "running the crooked." The illustrations on pages 320 and 321 give a fair conception of some of the local scenes.

THE OFFICE OF BEVIS & FRASER.

The distillery of Bevis & Fraser is one of the largest in St. Louis, and is supposed to have been the first to make "crooked" whisky. In fact, it is pretty certain that the proprietors started it for that purpose in 1870. It is a dilapidated-looking collection of disproportioned buildings, situated near the Mississippi River, in the southern part of the city. The office, seen in the illustration, is where the councils of the conspirators were generally held. It is anything but an attractive-looking room, but appears to have been well suited to its evil uses. The telegraphic apparatus seen in the corner was one used to communicate with the rectifying-house the same firm had up in the city. It was used generally for ordinary business communications, but was frequently employed to give warning of approaching danger. So well was the Ring organized, that no order affecting the Revenue Department at St. Louis could be issued by the Washington authorities without the immediate knowledge of all the crooked distillers at St. Louis. A friend at Washington, who, of course, was an official, would telegraph to a friend at St. Louis, where the news was properly distributed.

REMOVING THE STAMPS.

Most of the swindling was carried on by the improper use of revenue stamps. There is a Govern-

into the gutter. In this way they could be running crooked at ten o'clock, and be straightened up by half-past ten. At the distillery of Bevis & Fraser they were especially prepared. The illustration represents the opening of a subterranean mash-tub which was used only on urgent occasions. The room above it was dark and wet, and the trap-door in the floor was so devised that no one not acquainted would be apt to discover it. On the unexpected approach of a dangerous Government official, the mash in the crooked tubs up-stairs, would be let down into this huge underground cistern, where it would remain until the uneasiness was over, when it would be pumped back to the proper places. In this way there was no loss, as there would have been had the mash been let out into the gutter.

SHIPPING WHISKY AT NIGHT.

It is in direct opposition to the revenue law to remove whisky from a store-house or distillery at night; but this was done continually by the Ring at St. Louis. Some of the distilleries would keep two or three teams, sometimes, hauling off the crooked all night. This had to be done very quietly, and was carried on by the proprietors, the foreman, a Government officer or two, and a few assistants. The illustration represents the loading-up of a lot of barrels of whisky at the distillery of Bevis & Fraser, to be taken to their rectifying-house. This firm seems to have employed more methods of swindling the Government than any other in St. Louis.

ULRICE'S DISTILLERY.

This is the largest distillery of all those that ran the crooked. They had a capacity of 150 barrels a day, and made probably over 8,000 barrels of illicit whisky. It is said, however, that Utrice did not go into the Ring until he was forced to by Government officers and other distillers. They put the price of whisky down so that he had to go in or close up. He chose the latter for a long time, and lost many thousands of dollars by being idle. It is probable that the Government will deal with him very leniently. The rectifying apparatus shown in the illustration is the finest and most expensive west of the Mississippi. It cost over \$25,000, and is made wholly of copper. The remainder of the establishment is constructed on a like magnificent scale. The machinery altogether did not cost less than \$275,000. Just now everything about the place wears a very doleful, dilapidated appearance. The buildings are old anyhow, and have long been deserted by all but a lonely watchman. As one goes through the long, dark passages, up and down the dusty, crooked stairways, and under the sheds among the empty mash-tubs, he feels that even something more potent than the hand of the Government has come down to make desolation follow transgression.

M'DONALD IN JAIL.

General McDonald takes his confinement with a good grace, and shows no signs of giving in. He has always maintained his entire innocence, but this is mere bravado, for the evidence against him is of the most decided and overwhelming character. He has not yet been sentenced, but will probably be sent to the State Penitentiary at Jefferson City for several years. His present surroundings are as pleasant as could be expected. The jail is a very large one, well ventilated and well kept. It has constantly a large number of prisoners in it, and bears about the same relations to St. Louis that the Tombs does to New York.

THE FAC-SIMILE TELEGRAMS.

The strongest evidence against several members of the Whisky Ring is the discovery of telegrams that passed between St. Louis and Washington. These were mostly sent by Joyce and McDonald, the two most daring members. The writing was easily identified in every case, and in some the real name was signed. General Babcock was indicted solely on the evidence of telegrams sent by him

"Rose Michel" at the Union Square Theatre, bids fair to become as popular as "The Two Orphans." There is no telling when all who wish to see it will be satisfied, as only a limited number can be accommodated each night. . . . Von Bilow bade good by to New York at a matinee at Chickering Hall on Saturday, January 8th. He will be warmly welcomed when he returns.

J. H. Roberts, a sterling actor, has been playing *Mephistopheles* at Wood's Museum, during the evening, and this week, Belle Howitt, a charming actress, has been the attraction at the matinees. . . . At the Germania Theatre "Hard Times," performed by an excellent company, has drawn crowds of our German citizens. . . . At the Bowery Theatre, E. T. Stetson, an old favorite, has been performing *Belphegor*, the Mountebank, and the old-time sensation, "Mose; or, A Glance at New York," has been revived. . . . Matt Morgan's Classic Tableaux continue to be the principal attraction at the Comique, interspersed with an excellent variety performance, in which Ella Wessner, Rickey and Barney, and other old favorites appear. . . . The Third Avenue Theatre, the Globe, the Olympic, and Tony Pastor's, all offer good bills of light and pleasant entertainment. . . . The San Francisco Minstrels give Songs, Jokes and Dances of the true old Ethiopian style. . . . At the Colosseum the Panorama of the "Siege of Paris" continues the attraction.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

CHINA has just petitioned for an enlargement of its exhibiting space.

A new commission has been created to arrange the articles contributed by the Spanish Colonies.

COMMISSIONERS are promised from Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands.

COLONEL T. B. MILLS offers to pay the expenses of sending a regiment of Arkansas State Guards to the Centennial.

THE Norwegian Consul at Buenos Ayres is expected in this country daily. He will have charge of Norway's department.

THE Illinois Commissioners will furnish camp and garison equipage for all State military organizations that may determine to visit Philadelphia.

THERE will be an hourly mail service between the Philadelphia Central Post Office and the branch to be established on the Centennial Grounds.

It is announced from Rome that the President of the Italian Executive Committee will leave early in April to take charge of his country's interests here.

MATERIALS for the Japanese temple, and a quantity of articles for exhibition, reached San Francisco from Yokohama a few days ago in the steamer *Alaska*.

OWING to a failure of the Legislature to make an appropriation, the Virginia State Commission have placed their resignations in the hands of Governor Kemper.

NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR HARTY has been detached from the League Island Station and ordered to superintend a portion of the work in the Navy Department on the Centennial Grounds.

C. JUHLIN DANFELT, the Chief Commissioner of Sweden, has established his office and residence at Mantua, West Philadelphia. His Government voted \$125,000, gold, for the exhibition.

THE Ohio State Archaeological Society propose having the organization fully represented by a collection of relics, models and plans illustrating the prehistoric period in the State.

THE members of the Order of United American Mechanics will celebrate the thirty-first anniversary of the founding of the organization on the 8th of July next, by an immense parade in Philadelphia.

GENERAL SHALER and the Executive Committee of the American Rifle Association have visited the Centennial Grounds and selected a site for the range. The team from each nation will consist of eight men, who will fire ninety shots each, fifteen at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, on the 12th of September, and repeat on the day following.

CONGRESSIONAL.

FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

WEDNESDAY, January 5th.—SENATE.—The Chair presented report of Engineers on amounts of appropriations for improving the mouths of the Mississippi. . . . Petition presented by Mr. Conkling for constitutional amendment prohibiting appropriations of money for sectarian purposes. . . . Mr. Morrill (Vt.) introduced Bill for redemption of legal-tender notes. . . . Mr. Morton's resolution in regard to State rights was called up and laid over. . . . Mr. Boutwell announced the submission on the 13th of resolutions on death of Vice-President. . . . Senate went into executive session. HOUSE.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. . . . Control of the subject of the resumption of specie payments by national banks was given to Committee on Banking and Currency. . . . On call of States, a large number of Bills were introduced, the most important being for a commission to consider the alcoholic liquor traffic, to repeal the Bankruptcy Act, for securing information whether the eight naval vessels ordered in 1873 have been constructed, with the amount spent on them, and for instructing Naval Committee to inquire into alleged navy-yard frauds. . . . Resolution offered by Mr. Lawrence to compel Pacific Railway companies to indemnify Government for interest advanced on subsidy bonds. . . . Resolution by Mr. Canfield instructing Committee on Public Buildings to investigate construction of Government Buildings in Chicago.

THURSDAY, January 6th.—SENATE.—Petitions presented for abolition of Bank Check Stamp Act. . . . Committee on Privileges and Elections reported that Senate had power to elect a new President *pro tem*. . . . Bill by Mr. Wright fixing salary of the President of the United States. . . . Resolution for reduction of postage on printed matter. . . . Mr. Morrill (Vt.) called up Bill for redemption of legal-tender notes and supported it in a lengthy speech; Bill referred to Finance Committee. . . . Presidential Message received inclosing report of Director of Mint suggesting Indianapolis as the site for proposed new branch mint. . . . The vote to reconsider motion referring Mr. Morrill's Bill to Finance Committee carried; debate on Bill followed, and original motion prevailed. . . . Nominations by President received. HOUSE.—Resolutions offered by Mr. Randall looking to reduction of pay and allowances to army officers. . . . Select Committee on Centennial reported Bill appropriating \$1,500,000 to complete the work; referred to Committee of the Whole on State of Union. . . . Resolution of Mr. New that Congress should do no act to disturb existing patriotic concord carried without a dissentient vote. . . . Resolution introduced by Mr. Wilshire directing Committee on Indian Affairs to make thorough investigation of treatment of Indians. . . . Mr. Schleicher offered resolution for Special Committee on Texas border troubles. . . . Among Bills of States was one to establish a Bureau of Commerce and to amend the Constitution so that President, Vice-President, and Senators be elected by direct vote. . . . Mr. Blaine presented substitute to Mr. Randall's Amnesty Bill. House adjourned to 10th.

FRIDAY, January 7th.—SENATE.—Report of Committee on Privileges and Elections in regard to President of Senate received, and laid over to the 10th. . . . Petitions offered for removal of political disabilities of two ex-Confederate officers, and a number of State memorials praying for local improvements. . . . Senate went into Executive Session, and then adjourned until the 10th.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES
FOR WEEK ENDING JAN. 8, 1876.

At the Park Theatre "Crucible" was withdrawn on Saturday evening to make way for Mr. John Dillon in some of his humorous specialties. The bill on Monday evening will be the old favorites, "The Widow Hunt," and "My Turn Next," which will give a Metropolitan audience an opportunity to judge of the merits of Mr. Dillon, who comes to us from the West with the strongest endorsements as a first-class comedian. Marie Louise, who played the *Chicken* in "Crucible," is the wife of Mr. Dillon. It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless true, that Mr. Thomas Nast, the caricaturist, proposed to make his debut in the "Crucible." He rehearsed the part of one of the jurymen for two days, and then gave it up. . . . "Julius Caesar," at Booth's Theatre, is one of the finest dramatic representations ever given in this city. Mr. Lawrence Barrett as *Cassius*, Mr. F. C. Bangs as *Marcus Antonius*, and Mr. E. L. Davenport as *Marcus Junius Brutus*, present a trio of histrionic ability never excelled on any stage. The rest of the caste is excellent, and the care given to the details of costume and scenic effect in the production of the play make it a study worthy of the attention of the most profound Shakespearean scholar. . . . At Wallack's the week was marked by the reappearance of Lester Wallack, who performed his original character of *Colonel John White* in Robertson's beautiful play of "Home." The piece has drawn crowded houses during the week, but must soon be withdrawn, as Byron's new comedy, "Married in Haste," has been long in preparation, and the public are anxious to see it. . . . At the Fifth Avenue Theatre "Pique" still continues to draw crowded and fashionable houses. It will no doubt continue to do so until the end of the season. . . .

LETTING OUT THE MASH.

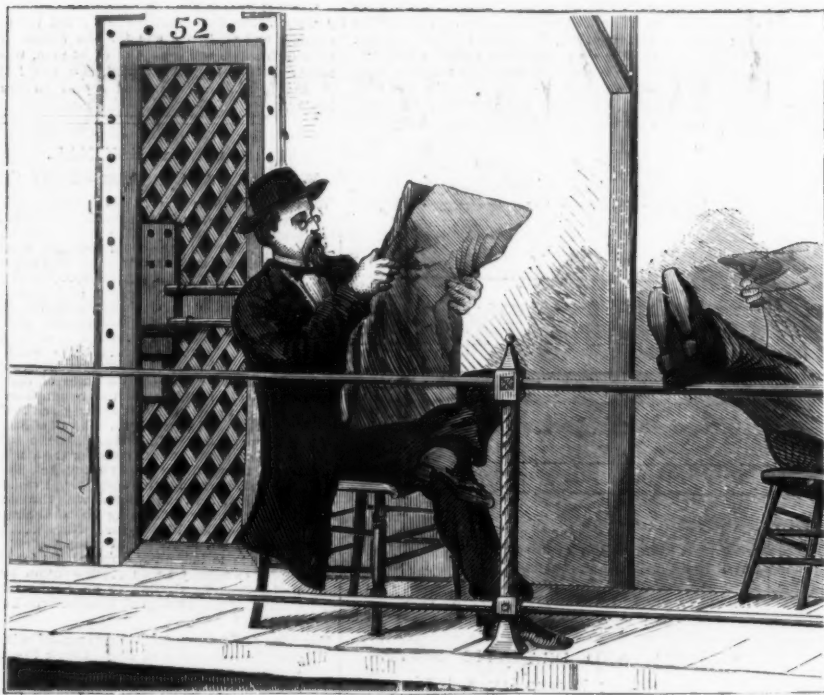
All the distilleries made more whisky than they would report. For instance, Bevis & Fraser would report that they were manufacturing forty barrels a day, where they were really making sixty. It was necessary to be prepared for the coming of special agents from Washington, and when necessary, to prevent detection, the "mash" in the tubs, and even the whisky sometimes, would be let out



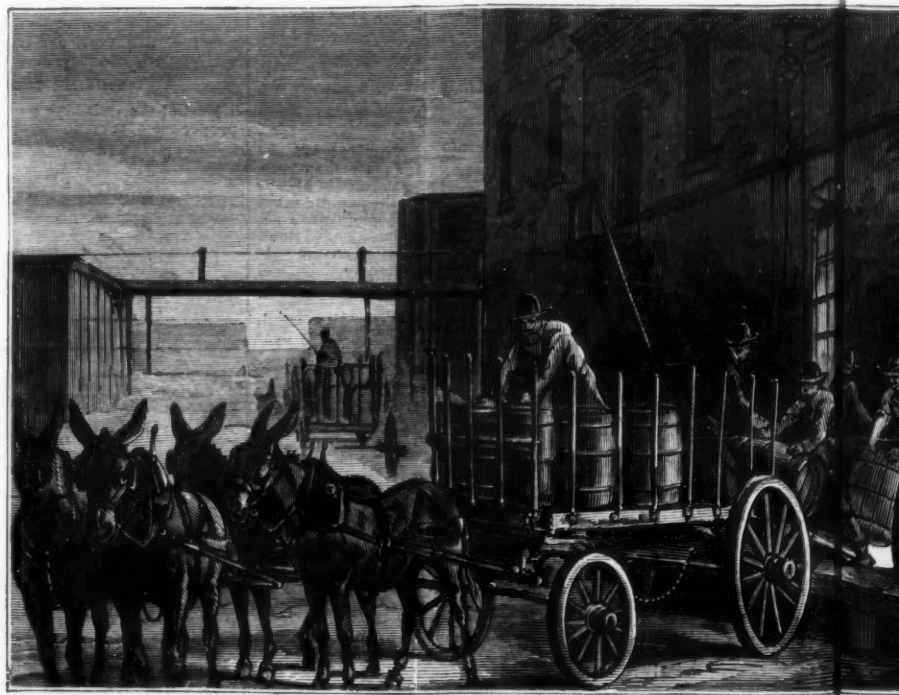
THE BUSINESS OFFICE IN BEVIS & FRASER'S DISTILLERY, ON BARTON AND DE KALB STREETS—TELEGRAPHING TO WASHINGTON.



REMOVING UNITED STATES LICENSE STAMPS FROM BARRELS.



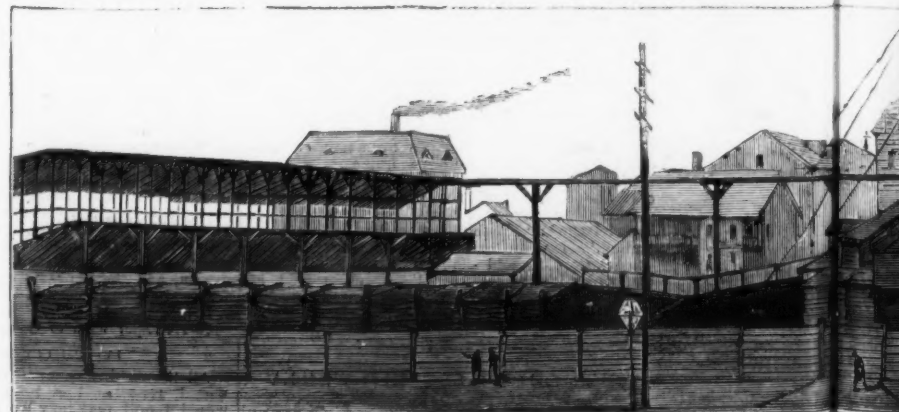
GENERAL JOHN M'DONALD IN JAIL.



THE REAR OF BEVIS & FRASER'S DISTILLERY, WHEN WAGON-LOADING.

161-610 PM Washington July 1 1874
 To Genl John McDonald
 Super. Int. Pen.
 St. Louis, Mo.
 Things look all right here. Let the
 machine go.
 Joyce.

PHOTOGRAPHIC FAC-SIMILE OF JOYCE'S TELEGRAM TO M'DONALD, JULY 1ST, 1874.



ULRICE'S DISTILLERY, CORNER CEDAR AND WASHINGTON STS., ST. LOUIS.



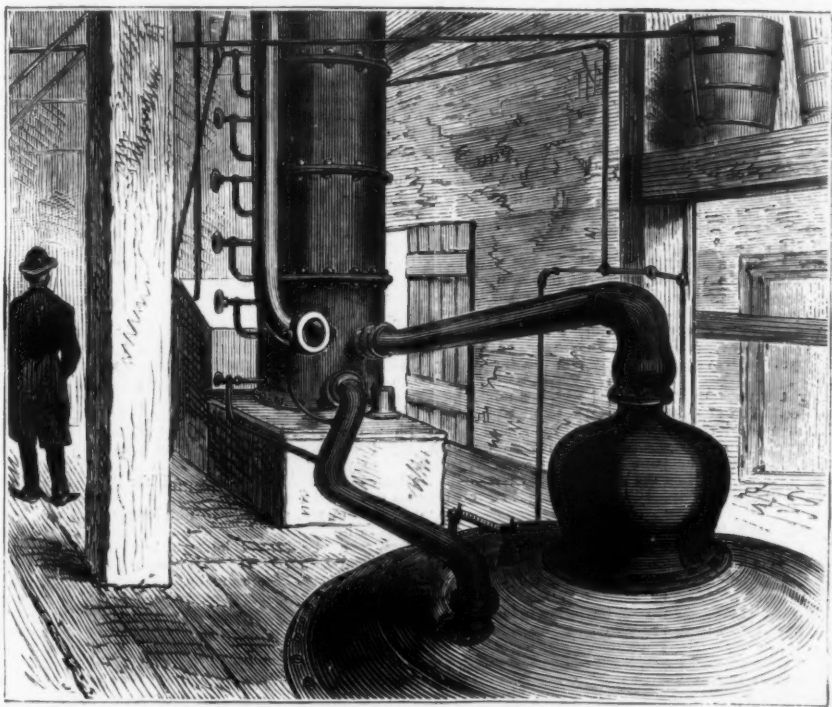
STATES REVENUE STAMPS TO BE USED AGAIN.



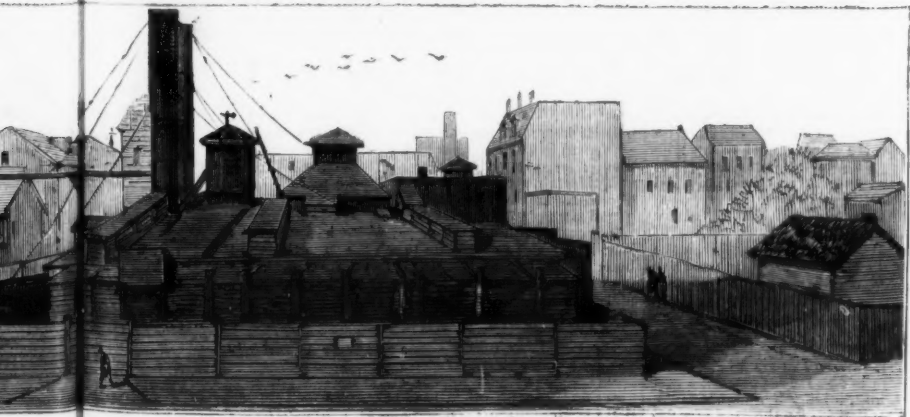
DISCHARGING THE MASH BY A SECRET SEWER, ON RECEIVING INFORMATION OF THE APPROACH OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICER.



RY, WHEN WAGON-LOADS OF WHISKY WERE TAKEN AT NIGHT.



THE RECTIFYING APPARATUS IN ULRICE'S DISTILLERY.



RY, CORNER OF CEDAR AND MAIN STREETS.

V AND BY WHOM IT HAS BEEN CARRIED ON.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 319.

170-9173
Washington, D.C. July 3, 1874
Mr. Genl. John McDonald
Super. Dist. Pres.
St. Louis, Mo.
Matters are lumpy. Go it lively
and watch sharply.
Joyce.

PHOTOGRAPHIC FAC SIMILE OF JOYCE'S TELEGRAM TO M'DONALD, JULY 3d, 1874.

THE REASON.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

FAREWELL, beloved! I do not go in wrath,
But in deep sorrow for thy tears;
I leave thee not because my heart is strong—
Ah, couldst thou guess its fears!

I do not leave thee in unyielding pride—
I lay my honor at thy feet;
I leave thee not because thy beauty wanes—
That could not move me, sweet!

I do not leave because the world says, "Part!"
Nor that thou turnest thus away!
Nor yet because I must lose all besides,
If I would near thee stay.

I do not leave because my love is cold,
For then I could more lightly go;
I leave thee—though the anguish breaks my heart—
Because I love thee so!

Lady Gwendoline's Dream.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING," "REPENTED AT LEISURE," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"GOING away!" cried Lord Lynmarche, in surprise, when Sir Lancelot announced his intention. "I am sorry to hear you say so. I had no idea that you thought of leaving us so soon." And his eyes, dwelling wistfully first on Sir Lancelot, and then on his daughter, told plainly the nature of his thoughts.

"I am compelled to go," said Sir Lancelot; "I have important business to transact. But I hope to return soon, and trust that my next visit will be of longer duration."

On the morning following Sir Lancelot held Lady Gwendoline's hand in his while he bade her farewell.

"Before the snowdrops are out I shall be back again," he said, "and before the hawthorn whitens the hedges I shall hope to call you my wife, sweet."

"Good-by, and may heaven prosper you!" was her simple reply.

What tears, what prayers followed him—what passionate longing, what earnest hopes! Until the snowdrops were out—she had but to wait until then—it was not long. In February the pretty white blossoms would appear above the hard, dry ground, and then—

Sir Lancelot reached London; he went direct to the Albany and inquired about Captain Anderton. At first he could learn nothing, and then he found that Captain Anderton had not been there for two years. So that he had given a false address to begin with. How should he discover him? He consulted the *Army List*, and then went to the Horse Guards. There he learned that Captain Anderton had sold out, and that no one knew anything about him.

"I will not be daunted," said Sir Lancelot. "If I have to search the whole world over, I will find him; and, the more trouble I have, the worse will it be for him."

But, though he did not meet Captain Anderton, he met many who had known him, and each one gave him the same character—he was handsome, but utterly without principle, without even common honesty.

Where was he? Some said in Paris, others at Baden; one volunteered, with a sneer:

"Do you want Osric Anderton? Go to Homburg—you will find him at the gaming-tables; he has recently come into a fortune, and he is wasting it all there."

Sir Lancelot went to Homburg, but there was no sign there of Osric Anderton.

It seemed a strange idea, searching the great wide world over for one man. How often Sir Lancelot was tempted to give it up in sheer despair! How often he was on the right track, yet failed! Sometimes it happened that the information given to him was correct, and he, acting upon it, would reach the locality named an hour or a day too late. There were times when he almost thought that Osric Anderton must know that he was searching for him, and so was keeping out of the way. Yet that was not possible. He was most unwilling to give up the search—most unwilling—but it seemed useless; he was spending month after month in hastily traveling from one place to another, yet no traveling brought him nearer to the end.

He might have sought help and aid—he might have advertised, have offered rewards—all which would have materially assisted him in his search; but he would not do it, lest by that means the secret should in some measure escape. He did all that was possible, but find the man he could not.

It was the beginning of May when he returned to London.

"I shall have to tell Gwendoline that I have failed," he thought—and the idea was bitter. "But I shall be able to persuade her," he concluded; "she will not be cruel enough to send me away again. I shall win in the end."

Before starting for Dynewell, he had written to Lord Lynmarche, whose reply to his letter was an eager entreaty that he would join them at once. He had written several times, but to Lady Gwendoline his letters all told the same story of non-success. She listened in silence when her father told her that Sir Lancelot was coming.

"He has no news to tell me," she thought—"no good news, or he would have written. He has not found him; and nothing but death can free me."

It was noon when he arrived; the noon of a brilliant May day. Lord Lynmarche received him with warm welcome, and he looked round for Lady Gwendoline.

We did not think you would reach Dynewell before evening," observed Lord Lynmarche. "Gwendoline has gone into the woods, violet-gathering."

"I will go after Lady Gwendoline," he said to his host. "I have something to say to her."

So through the sweet May sunshine and the mild balmy air he walked to the woods. He was about to see her whom his soul loved best, but he did not feel the intense rapture of happiness; there was a weight on his heart which would not be lightened. The sight of the hedges all white with hawthorn smote him with strange pain; he remembered what he had said to her—when the snowdrops came peeping out he should return, and when the hedges were white with hawthorn he would make her his wife. The snowdrops were dead, and the hawthorn was in full bloom, but was he any nearer the one great object of his life?

He saw her in the distance, her light dress shining between the trees. He went up to her, holding out both his hands. Once more he looked into the fair face, once more the sweet eyes were shining into his, and the beautiful lips trembling in their welcome.

"You are come at last," she said, quietly; "the time has seemed so long."

Then, looking more closely at her face, he found it changed. Some of the bloom had faded—the brightness had died out of it. There were lines that told of weary watching and weary waiting.

"Gwendoline," he said, "I have failed. Before you welcome me—before you say one word to me—I am bound to tell you that. I cannot find Anderton."

"I am sure you have done your best," she returned.

"My very best, and yet I have failed. I do not deserve a welcome."

"I do not see that. Success or failure does not always lie in our own hands;" and then they walked on together.

"Gwendoline," said Sir Lancelot, sadly, "the hawthorn is on the hedges—do you remember my boast?"

"I have never forgotten it," she replied. "I watched the snowdrops come out; I watched the leaves bud on the hedges and the flowers begin to bloom."

"Gwendoline," he said, earnestly, taking her hand in his, "you are not surely of the same mind still? I was full of hope when I left you. I fancied I had but to work and to win—fate has conquered me. But during this time that I have been away from you I have learned what life would be without you. Surely you will not send me away again?" Her white fingers closed around his.

"You have only just come home—do not talk of going away."

"There is out of the chaos of darkness one gleam of light," he said, "and only one. Anderton will be compelled to give you his right address when he requires money."

She looked at him with a dull sense of pain.

"Did I not tell you? No—I had forgotten. I gave him a few days before Christmas Day five hundred pounds, all the money I could get together. Oh, Lance, it cannot go on—I have not money enough. My father notices that I am always without any. What shall I do?"

"It shall not go on," he said, grimly. "When do you expect that he will apply to you again, Gwendoline?"

"In June or in July," she replied. "He said that he wanted money for some especial purpose—he did not tell me what."

"We can only wait until June comes, and then, before you send the money, I will go to the address he gives—in that manner I shall trap him; but it seems so long—so long to wait."

"I am so pleased to see you, Lance," she said, "but I do not feel well. I am unwell—ill. I feel as though some terrible calamity were about to break over my head."

"My darling, you will be ill if this continues; you must rest from the incessant thought—from the never-ending anxiety. I will bring you safely through the difficulty, if you will only trust me. Say to yourself that it rests with me, and I will help you until all need for help is past."

The words cheered her—no warning came to them that the day would close in a terrible tragedy.

He remembered afterwards how she lingered for a few minutes on the terrace, talking to him—a brighter flush on her face, a brighter light in her eyes, than he had seen for some time.

"You make me vain, Gwendoline," he said. "You look so much better already. I shall begin to think you missed me after all."

"I did miss you, Lance. I do not think I could have suffered in silence much longer. I have said nothing about it, but I have been so unhappy, dear, it has almost driven me mad."

A few hours later he remembered the words, and they formed the only excuse that he could find for her.

He remembered the few, the happy minutes that they had spent in the long corridor, forgetting for the brief time the pain that divided them. They were young, and loved each other. She had been both depressed and unhappy, but now the glamour of love had fallen over her; he was there whom she loved so passionately, so truly, and so well—she could not help being happy. So they put their troubles out of sight for a time. The first bell rang for dinner.

"I must go, Lance," she said; "I shall hardly have time to dress."

"Never mind dress, darling; you are always beautiful, always charming."

"Beautiful and charming though you may fancy me, Lance," she returned, laughing, "you would not like to see me dining in a Pompadour hat and a walking-dress."

"Wear something beautiful, then, for my sake. You had on a shining white silk when I saw you first, with rubies that shone like flame; wear the same to-night, love."

She smiled assent.

"I remember the light in the rubies," he added, "and how they shone on your round white throat."

"Oh, my love, my love, no woman was ever so beautiful as you!"

He bent down suddenly and kissed her lips. She held up one hand warningly.

"Oh, Lance, you must not! You forget that we were not to be lovers."

"Then you should not look so beautiful," he said. "Make haste, Gwendoline; we shall have a few leisure minutes before dinner."

She was not long absent, and she seemed to bring brightness and warmth with her when she returned. The white shining silk fell round her; the rubies shone with a strange rich gleam on her fair skin; the dead-gold hair was fastened with a circlet of rubies. With a little musical laugh she bowed to him.

"Do I look now as I did when you saw me first?" she asked.

His face flushed—his eyes seemed to drink in every detail of her wondrous graceful loveliness.

"No," he answered; "you are ten thousand times more fair."

Presently Lord Lynmarche entered the room, and behind him came a footman with a note for Lady Gwendoline.

"From some one in the village, my lady," he said.

"How many begging letters do you receive and answer in one week, Gwendoline?" asked Lord Lynmarche, smiling. But she made no reply.

The two gentlemen began to talk, and several minutes elapsed before Sir Lancelot turned again to Lady Gwendoline. When he did so, he was shocked by the ghastly pallor of her face, and the frightened expression of her eyes. She held the letter tightly clutched in her hand. In one moment he was by her side.

"My darling," he said, "you feel ill again. Oh, Gwendoline, if I could but take you away from all this, and make you so happy that you would forget it!"

He could say no more then—the dinner-bell rang, and they went to the dining-room together. He watched her, and he saw that she ate nothing—that, although the color had returned to her face, she was still agitated and uneasy. The strange, frightened expression had not left her eyes.

"Very little more of this will drive her mad," he thought to himself.

He resolved to try to persuade her to let him

tell her story to Lord Lynmarche, and then surely some plan could be decided upon to free her from her cowardly persecutor.

He saw her rise from the table. She looked at her father with a smile—she did not look at him. She spoke to Lord Lynmarche, but not to him.

"You will not be in the drawing-room just yet," she said. "I shall be out on the lawn."

She spoke so indistinctly that Sir Lancelot did not quite understand her. When she had quitted the room, Lord Lynmarche drew his chair to the table. "Now, Lancelot," he said, "we have not met for some time—tell me where you have been, and what you have been doing."

So Sir Lancelot was compelled to talk to him, wondering all the time where Gwendoline was, and longing to be with her.

Lord Lynmarche had never been so chatty before—he seemed to have an inexhaustible flow of words. At length, to Sir Lancelot's great delight, he began to show signs of fatigue.

"I think," said the master of Dynewell, "I will have a cigar now, Lancelot;" and the visitor knew perfectly well what that meant.

He was free then to find Gwendoline—perhaps to spend one of those dreamy perturbed twilight hours with her.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY GWENDOLINE must still be out, for the drawing-rooms were empty; yet it was growing dark—the sun had set, the shadow of night lay over the land. Sir Lancelot went out to the lawn. Where was she?

"Gwendoline!" he called; but the fair face, framed in the dead-gold hair, did not appear. Where was she in the purple fragrant gloaming?

"Gwendoline!" he repeated; and as he walked on it struck him that he heard the sound of a shot fired somewhere afar off in the woods.

"Surely there are no poachers about so early," he said to himself; and then he concluded that one of the keepers had been discharging a gun. He thought no more of it, but passed under the great chestnut boughs, and by the yellow laburnums.

"Gwendoline!" he called again. The sweet musical name fell clearly and distinctly on the night-air. No answer came.

"It is getting dark and cold," he said; "I must set myself to find her."

He left the grounds, and went into the woods. He walked along the beaten paths; and far down in a deep green glade he saw something moving.

"Gwendoline!" he cried.

There was no answer. He hastened on, and presently, amid the dark green of the foliage, he saw the glimmer of something white. It was Lady Gwendoline. He went up to her, but started back in horror. Her face was ghastly white; her dead-gold hair, all unfastened, hung in rich confusion over her shoulders; the shawl she wore appeared to have been half dragged from her. When she saw him she held out her hands like one who would faint avert a great horror.

"Gwendoline, my darling," he said, "what is the matter?"

The rich silk dress was all soiled with dew—damp leaves adhered to it. But it was the expression of her face which startled him most. It was full of ghastly horror.

"Oh, Lance," she cried, "why did you not come to me before?"

"I did not know where you were, my darling. Tell me, where have you been, and what is the matter? Oh, my darling, you tremble—your hands shake, your lips quiver, and—oh, heaven, what is this? See, on your hand here, on your dress, there is a spot of blood! My darling, what does it mean?"

She looked up with a half-bewildered, dazed expression in her eyes.

"A thorn in the brambles tore my finger," she replied. "Oh, Lance, why did you not come before?"

He put his arm round her to steady her, for he saw that she could hardly stand.

"Gwendoline," he said, "pray tell me what has happened."

She clung to his arm; her white hands held it tightly.

"It is all over, Lance," she moaned. "We must part now. I wish that I lay dead—then I could feel and suffer no more."

"Has Anderton sent to you?" cried Sir Lancelot.

"He has been—nay, stay and hear me. You must not go yet—listen. I dared not tell you—I was afraid that something terrible would come of it—but that letter—the letter you saw me receive—was from him—not asking, but commanding, me to meet him at half-past eight here in the woods. He wanted more money—Heaven help me—more money, Lance! I told him I could not possibly find him five hundred pounds at so short a notice, that already my father was growing anxious and suspicious, and that it would be impossible for me to obtain the money for some days, at least. He grew so fierce and so angry. He tore my shawl aside, and vowed that he would tear the rubies from my neck. He said the wife should not wear gems while the husband had to beg for money."

"I pray heaven to keep him out of my sight," cried Sir Lancelot; "for I will kill him as I would a dog!"

"I thought so," she cried, clinging more closely to him. "Oh, Lance, save me, save me!"

His breath came in thick hot gasps, the veins in his forehead swelled, his face grew crimson. She clung to him.

"Do not look so, Lance. I am frightened enough."

"Tell me what passed," he said. "You came to meet him here, and you told him you could not find the money; and then he threatened you."

"Yes; he vowed that unless I sent him the money to-morrow I should repent it—he would claim me as his wife; and then either my father would be glad to purchase his silence, or I should be compelled to own myself his wife. He was so unlike himself, Lance—even that wretched self of two years ago. He was furious, half mad with jealousy. He said he had heard some one was visiting me who wanted to marry me. He dared me to marry; he swore that he would go up to the altar and claim me if I ever attempted to marry. He frightened me so that I—oh, Lance, I—"

Then the white lips parted, and she fell with a low cry to the ground.

He raised her in his arms—pity, wonder, rage and love all warring in his heart. Why need she be so frightened—what need was there of all this terror?

"My darling!" he whispered, raising the golden head, and laying it on his breast.

Her face was quite white, her eyelids were closed, the nervous hands had fallen to her side. What was he to do with her? He followed the first impulse of his heart, and folding her in his arms, kissed her face, as a mother kisses the face of a dying child.

"My darling, Gwendoline," he cried, "what is it?"

He took the white hands in his; they were quite cold, and on one of them he saw a spot of blood.

His kisses, his passionate words seemed to recall her to life. He saw the white eyelids quiver, and the color return slowly to the pale lips.

"Gwendoline," he said, "you are better now, love; try to tell me what is wrong."

He saw the horror and fear return to her beautiful eyes.

"We must part, Lance," she said, in a hurried whisper. "I could not bear it that people should speak of me, and tell each other with smiles and sneers the story of my folly. I could not bear it. Go away, and forget me—let me pay the price of my own cowardice—the bitter price."

He stood before her, tall, erect, stately; he took both her hands, and, folding them in his own, raised them.

"Gwendoline, my promised wife, my dear love, I swear that I will never give you up—never release you from your promise—never rest until you are my own, and that I will crush this man who persecutes you as I crush these leaves beneath my feet. Now tell me which way he has gone."

She threw her white arms around him as she had never done before.

"You shall not go, Lance!" she cried; "harm will come of it."

"My darling, I will go. Time is precious—let me find him. I will be cautious for your sake. There shall no harm, no evil, come of it. The man who can be bought for money need not be fought with blows. Show me which way he went."

She raised her hand slowly and pointed to the part of the wood which lay nearest to the highway. He left her standing there, her white hand outstretched, her white, beautiful face turned from him. He hastened on; it was so dark now that he could scarcely find the road. Low-hanging branches of the chestnut-trees touched him as he passed; the fire of the laburnums gleamed in the distance. He walked with quick, hurried steps, thinking, wondering about this fair, proud girl whom he loved with so passionate a love. Suddenly he stopped, for just before him, lying right across the path, with outstretched arms and face towards the ground, was the body of a man.

Quick as thought Sir Lancelot knelt down by his side, and, half raising the body in his arms, turned the silent face to the night-skies. There was light enough to discern a handsome, dissipated face—white now in the pallor of death.

"What can I do for him?" thought Sir Lancelot.

He laid his hand on the man's heart—it was beating faintly; at the same time he felt something like a flask in one of the pockets. He took it out hastily, and found that there was brandy in it. He tried to pour some between the white lips, but they would not open. Then he found that in taking out the flask he had withdrawn some letters; he picked them up to restore them. On one he read the words:

"Captain Osric Anderton."

In the first moment of surprise he almost let the silent figure fall to the ground again. This, then, was the man who had tortured the woman he loved? But how came he to be lying here—shot in the midst of the lonely wood? By his side was a pistol, a pretty deadly toy, small enough for a woman's hands. As Sir Lancelot held him in his arms, the gray shadow of death was over him. So great, so awful was this shadow, that all things human were forgotten in its presence. Where were the anger, the fury, the promised vengeance gone? Like a breath of wind all had passed away. The man whose strong anger had been both just and righteous now longed to save the life of the man he had sworn to punish.

As gently, as kindly as a woman would have done it, he forced him to swallow some brandy; he unfastened his coat and vest; he held him half-upright. The blood trickled slowly from his lips, and Sir Lancelot began to wonder what he could do for him. Suddenly the man's eyes opened; he gave a great gasping sigh, and tried to speak, but the unformed words died on his lips—he tried again, and the sound was like no human sound. Again Sir Lancelot put the brandy to his mouth, and this time he swallowed more.

"I am dying," he gasped, "yet—oh, heaven!—I am not fit to die."

What could he say? A sense of despair came over Sir Lancelot—a sudden sense that in himself something was wanting. The thought of his own shortcomings made him infinitely tender, infinitely gentle. He placed the heavy head on his knees, and looked with a woman's pity on the white face. The eyes were wide open and looking into his. Oh, strange and terrible irony of fate, to bring these two together!

"I am dying," he gasped. "She has shot me. It serves me right; do not let them punish her."

A cry, such as startled even the prostrate man, rose slowly like a wail of despair. Sir Lancelot was like a man in a terrible dream. He was shocked, startled, horrified.

"She has shot you!" he repeated, mechanically.

"She did it? Merciful heaven!"

"Yes. I turned round; she fired, and I fell. Do not tell—it serves me right. I have driven her to it. I have driven her mad."

"My love—my poor lost love! Oh, Gwendoline!" cried Sir Lancelot. His head fell forward, and for a few minutes it seemed to him that he was dying himself.

Slowly, and with a pain like keenest torture, Sir Lancelot began to collect his thoughts, to clear his ideas.

She had shot him—his fair, pure, proud, peerless Gwendoline had been tortured until, in her pain, she had turned upon the man who tortured her and shot him. It was true. He remembered the small crimson spot on her hand, her agitation, her fear, her intolerable dread; he remembered how she had tried to prevent his following—how she had clung to him—how she had cried, "Save me, Lance, save me!" There could be no doubt but that she meant, "Save me from the consequences of what I have done."

Yes, he would save and shield her as he had sworn to do; he would stand between her and all harm; and then, when he had seen her safely through the danger, he would go far away. He would not reproach her, but he could not marry the woman who even in her madness had steeped her hands in blood; he could not marry her. Between himself and this fair sweet love of his lay the terrible gulf of crime. Crime! To think that crime and his fair, proud Gwendoline should be mentioned together!

Never more should the sweet white hands rest in his; never more should he touch the face that had been to him fair and bright. But he would shield her; and, if some one had to be punished for the murder, he would declare himself guilty—he would die for her—in her place. His life was nothing. She should not suffer.

He bent down until his face and Osric Anderton's almost touched.

"Can you hear and understand?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the faint voice.

"Listen—swear to heaven that you will never tell who shot you; that, no matter who questions you, no matter how your silence may cause you to suffer, you will never mention this again."

There was a brief silence; and then the faint voice, fainter now, said:

"I swear! If I break my oath," he added, "may speedy punishment follow!"

And then Sir Lancelot knew that the woman he loved was safe. He was able now to collect his energies. The pain would never leave him—he knew that; it was fixed in his heart. But there was all his life before him in which to grow reconciled to it; there would be time for reflection and regret when all was over. Now he must do his best to save the man's life.

"I shall return directly," he said. He made a pillow with his coat, and on it laid the weary head, and then ran quickly to the keepers' cottage.

Help was soon found—two of the keepers were at home. They brought a mattress with them, and the wounded man was laid on it and conveyed to the cottage. Sir Lancelot then dispatched one for a doctor and the other to the Hall: he sent a message to Lord Lynmarche to the effect that a gentleman had met with an accident in the woods and was dangerously wounded. His name was Osric Anderton, and it was supposed that he was on his way to the Hall.

"He will be sure to tell his daughter," thought Sir Lancelot, "and then at least she will know that he is not dead."

He resolved himself to sit by the sick man and not to leave him—not that he feared his oath would be broken, but he dreaded lest some delirious or rambling word might prove fatal to Lady Gwendoline. But the white lips never opened, and Sir Lancelot sat silent as death itself in the darkened chamber.

His beautiful love—his fair, proud Gwendoline—her sweet white hands, which had lain in his own, were red—were ever more to be stained; the lips he had kissed must have trembled with murderous words, the face he had loved must have been white with murderous hate. In fancy he went through the scene. He imagined with what royal scorn she would meet him—how the golden head would be proudly raised, how the blue eyes would flash and gleam; he knew exactly how the proud lips would curl. He thought of the tender, sensitive soul tortured—the tender, passionate heart put to sorest pain. He knew how the proud spirit would rise. He could see her standing under the trees—her face flushed, her eyes raining scorn on her persecutor. He must have driven her mad, and she, raising her hand on the impulse of the moment, had shot him. But—and the thought came to him clear as the noonday—how came the pistol in her hand?

She must have taken it with her when she went out to meet him; there was no other explanation possible—she could not have picked it up by accident. Then she, the fair, proud girl to whose hand he had intrusted his heart and his life, had taken the pistol out with her, meaning to use it!

His head fell on his breast with a deep moan; he had loved her so well, so truly, so dearly. Another thought came to save him, or he might have died from the anguish of the first. Perhaps she had taken it with her for self-defense—after all, that was the most feasible idea. It was highly improbable that a proud, high-bred girl like Lady Gwendoline would deliberately think of such a crime—willfully plan it. The probability was that, fearing him, she, in her desperation, had taken the pistol with her, and when he had driven her to madness she had turned it against him.

Then he was obliged to rouse himself; the messengers had returned—the doctor was come—and he heard the voice of Lord Lynmarche. He went down-stairs, leaving the doctor to make his examination alone. Lord Lynmarche was there, looking terribly distressed. He seized Sir Lancelot's hand.

"This is a painful affair; how did it happen?"

Then Sir Lancelot related how, strolling in the woods, he had found the wounded man. The sufferer told him he had met with an accident, but beyond that refused further information. Sir Lancelot said nothing of the pistol—he had carefully hidden it.

"I suppose," said Lord Lynmarche, "that he was coming to see me. I should not have made him very welcome—indeed, I should not have allowed him to remain—but, as it is, I am deeply grieved for him."

"Did you tell Lady Gwendoline?" asked Sir Lancelot, after a short pause.

"Yes. She was greatly distressed—in fact, it made her quite ill. Here comes the doctor—now we shall hear particulars."

The report was more favorable than Sir Lancelot had dared to hope. The ball had passed through one of the lungs; the other was untouched; and the doctor was of opinion that the man would recover.

"But he will never be a strong man again," he added; "and he will require to live in some warm climate. He must remain where he is for the present; it will not do to move him."

So it was arranged. Lord Lynmarche returned home to give orders to send to the cottage all that the sick man might require. Sir Lancelot offered to remain for the night. His one great anxiety was lest any word escaping from those white lips might reveal the truth.

He remained the whole of the night, and the greater part of the next day. By then the great cause of anxiety was removed. The ball was extracted, there was no fear of fever, and the sick man was calm. Then it was time for Sir Lancelot to rest. Before he left him he bent over him.

"You will remember your oath?" he said.

"I will remember it," returned Osric Anderton.

"Keep it," said Sir Lancelot, "and you shall never want, I will promise you; break it, and I—"

"I shall never break it," was the whispered reply. "I see things more clearly now. It served me right. I drove her to it."

(To be continued.)

WELCOMING THE CENTENNIAL YEAR IN PHILADELPHIA.

HOISTING THE OLD COLONIAL FLAG.

THE birth of the year 1876 was welcomed with a hearty greeting throughout all our land. The advent of the year that ushers in the second century of our national life was well calculated to claim more than ordinary attention from all Americans. In Philadelphia where the preparations have been so long going on for the proper celebration of the Centennial anniversary of the act that gave our country "its place among the powers of the earth," the coming of the New Year was hailed with more than ordinary enthusiasm.

In compliance with the Mayor's request, the citizens illuminated their houses, displayed flags on the evening of the 31st day of December, 1875, and the city presented a brilliant appearance. The night was dark and disagreeable, but that only brought out in stronger contrast the light and warmth that shone from windows and belfries. The streets were crowded with merry people and many of the buildings were gayly decorated. Every landmark in the city connected with Revolutionary times was remembered, and appropriately be-

decked. The dingy, painted brick structure at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market Streets, which was a fashionable boarding-house in 1776, and where Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, was ablaze with light, and bore an inscription showing what makes it famous. Carpenter's Hall, where the first Continental Congress met, was illuminated, and gas-jets over the door marked it as "The Nation's Birthplace." Old Christ Church was lighted up from basement to steeple top, and the same old chimes that rang out one hundred years ago sent forth a peal of welcome to the coming year.

Independence Hall, around which cluster the most sacred memories of "the times that tried men's souls," was the great center of attraction. Early in the evening it seemed as if all Philadelphia was pouring to the venerable building, and long before midnight the streets in the vicinity were packed with people. The scene on Chestnut Street, between Fifth and Sixth, was solemnly grand—all were full of patriotism—and the weird appearance imparted by the calcium lights upon the different buildings impressed every one. Groups of masqueraders, with life, drum and horn, were every few minutes plowing their way through the crowd, and added to the holiday appearance, and lent zest to the festivities. Independence Hall looked even more venerable with its decorations. Over the main door was a medallion 12 feet in diameter, on which was a bust of Washington, resting on a pedestal, inscribed 1776-1876, and behind the bust Liberty stood in the attitude of placing a laurel wreath upon the head of the hero. At the lower corners were banners, also bearing 1776-1876 in large characters. The casing under the windows of the second story was festooned with the national red, white and blue, while over the medallion hung the Star-Spangled Banner. Under the windows hung the coat-of-arms of the thirteen original States. The hall and all its adjacent buildings were lighted up at an early hour, and remained so till after the close of the ceremonies.

At 11:30 p.m. a procession of clubs, dressed in a grotesque manner, came by with bands of music, and created much amusement. In a few minutes the Second Regiment, National Guards, Colonel Lyle, and the State Fencibles, Captain Ryan, came up and entered Independence Square by the Sixth Street entrance, the New Court House at the time being brilliantly lighted. At 11:45 p.m. Mayor Stokely, Hon. B. H. Brewster, and Dr. W. G. Scott of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, left the Mayor's Office and passed to the steps of Independence Hall. Here Dr. Scott delivered an impressive prayer. He was followed by Hon. B. H. Brewster in a spirited address. At the close of his remarks, it being exactly twelve o'clock, Mayor Stokely drew the old Colonial flag up to the head of the flagstaff. As the banner reached the head of the staff, a calcium light was brought to bear upon it as it floated in the midnight air. A tremendous cheer went up from 100,000 people, and the enthusiasm was intense. The State House bell was then struck. First one, seven, seven, six; then one, eight, seven, six, and then one hundred taps in quick succession.

The drizzling rain had ceased, and the clouds were of an inky darkness, and reflected back with intensity the fires below. The State Fencibles fired thirteen rounds from Independence Square, and then the Second Regiment began a rapid fire by file, which continued for fifteen minutes. It was taken up for blocks around with the lesser fire of pistols, and above it all was heard the solemn tolling of the great bell above. The heavy smoke from the thousands of discharges drifted slowly away, and the color given by the red and blue lights, burning by hundreds, and the calcium lights and pyrotechnics on the State House steeple, formed at times colors of red, white and blue which were of startling effect, and excited the patriotism of the immense multitude until repeated cheers hoarseened the throats of the excited, crazy men. The New Year was gloriously inaugurated, and it was two o'clock before the streets were cleared.

The flag that was raised over the old Hall deserves particular mention. It was a copy of the first flag adopted by the Continental Congress. It was first raised by Washington at his camp at Cambridge, on January 1st, 1776, and was used by the Patriot Army until the adoption of the Stars and Stripes, which was not until September, 1777. All the battles of the war in that eventful space of time were fought under it. It was carried into Boston on the evacuation of that city by the British; it floated from a bastion of Fort Sullivan in the attack upon Charleston, S. C.; was used at the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, and so on down to the first battle of Stillwater and the surrender of Burgoyne, October 17th, 1777, with, perhaps, the exception of "Gold's Ford and Germantown, which, being near headquarters, may have been fought under the present flag. The banner shows that at the time of its adoption the thought of actual separation from the mother country was not universal in the colonies, and that there was still some love for the old English flag. The "King's colors," or "Union Jack," was retained, but with thirteen alternate red and white stripes added, to represent the thirteen united colonies.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE ELECTION OF LIFE MEMBERS OF THE SENATE by the French National Assembly was conducted in a peculiar and tedious manner, as represented in the cut, and resulted in a complete surprise to outsiders in general and to the party of the Right Centre in particular. This party, unable to combine with any faction, either on its own side or on the Left, was left to its own unaided strength, and its lists were almost invariably in a minority. Few even of its best men obtained votes enough to carry them into the Senate. The overbearing and all-grasping spirit which dominated the tactics of the Right Centre led to an utter and miserable failure of their expectations. On the other hand, the Left and their friends may well rejoice in the fact that this signal defeat of Legitimist, Orleanist and Bonapartist ambitions has cut off—so far as anything can be predicted of the political future of France—all immediate prospects of merging a republican form of government into a monarchy, and reconstructing a throne. *Vive la République Française!*

THE "SOMATEN," OR GENERAL LEVY OF CATALANIAN PEASANTS AGAINST THE CARLISTS, which was recently ordered by General Martinez de Campos, was made according to a custom that has prevailed in the mountainous districts of Catalonia from the times of the Arab incursions up to the War of Independence against the French. With the exception of the clergy and of the sick, all the men between eighteen and sixty years of age were compelled by the General to incorporate themselves in the force which he raised for the complete expulsion and extermination of the Carlists throughout the district. The name "Somaten" is derived from the words *Som dents* (We are ready). The engraving represents the march out of the "Somaten," consisting of peasants and soldiers, headed by the Alcalde or Mayor, from one of the mountain villages of Catalonia.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA has thus far been a continuous but somewhat confused pageant of the most

dazzling kind. The Prince of Wales has held courts, passed armies in review, given and received splendid hospitality, beheld glittering spectacles, and hunted great game. We present this week illustrations of the grand state reception of native princes by the Prince of Wales at the Government House at Bombay, and of the great Masonic demonstration, when, by invitation of the Freemasons of Bombay, His Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone of the Elphinstone Wet Dock with all Masonic ceremonial, amidst an immense concourse of spectators. On the latter occasion, at the approach of the royal cortege, the Masons, of whom 550 were present as representatives of various lodges, moved forward from the entrance of a huge and tastefully decorated marquee erected on the side of the dock, and formed a row two deep on each side. All were in full Masonic costume, and the sight of the colored aprons and sashes on Parsee, Hindoo and Mussulman robes had a very curious appearance. Then came a grand procession of Masonic officials with all sorts of mystic titles, and then, following the Prince, who had emerged from the robing room with his Masonic emblem as Grand Master of the craft, came the grand sword-bearer. The Prince, having taken his place, the stone was laid with imposing Masonic form. At the grand reception of the native Indian princes by His Royal Highness at the Government House, there was one potentate, the Maharajah of Oudepore, remarkable among so many rich costumes for plainness of attire; all was white cotton; a gold belt hung over his left shoulder, by which, Rajpoot-like, his shield was suspended; and thus, with his tulwar in hand, he met his future emperor. His followers, however, were all gorgeously attired. It is rumored that he is deeply offended at the boy Gulicow being placed before him. This Maharajah of Oudepore, whose name is Dheraj Samboos Singh, is the greatest of the Rajpoot princes, who trace their descent from the mythical hero Rana, far back in antiquity.

THE HERZEGOVINA INSURRECTION, like every other civil war, has occasioned an incalculable amount of distress. Mr. Gabriel Wasselitzky-Bojdarovitch, of the International Committee for soothing the refugees and wounded whom our engraving represents as being brought into Ragusa, has published in the London Times an eloquent appeal to the British public for the relief of these unhappy victims of warfare. Ragusa itself is situated on the Adriatic, about 300 miles southeast of Trieste, and contains some six or seven thousand inhabitants. It is entirely encompassed by stone fortifications, and surrounded by dry moats, spanned by drawbridges. The city was once the seat of a wealthy and powerful republic, and its ancient walls rise from their rocky foundations to a height of seventy feet, all solid cream-colored masonry. The surrounding country is rugged and barren.

THE NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, on December 16th, laid the first stone of this edifice, near the Westminster Bridge end of the Thames Embankment. The first brick of the foundation substructure was laid by Mr. Titens in September last. This grand theatre of the musical drama was projected by Mr. Mapleson, and will be under his management. The architect is Mr. Francis H. Fowler. It is intended for Italian Opera, in the first place, during the fashionable London season; and, secondly, for the works of English composers, to be represented by English performers. The sum of £40,000 has already been spent on the foundations of the building, the excavation, concrete and brickwork of the substructure. It is expected that £150,000 more will complete the edifice, and it will perhaps be ready for opening the next season. The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone was witnessed by 15,000 spectators, and the speech of the Duke of Edinburgh on the occasion was warmly applauded.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WASH FOR CLEANING SILVER AND BRITANNIA WARE.—Take one pound of common hard soap, three table-spoonfuls of spirits of turpentine and a half a tumbler of water. Allow the soap to dissolve; then boil ten minutes, and before it cools add six table-spoonfuls of hartshorn. Make a suds of this preparation, and wash the silver with it.

M. LEVERRIER, as President of the Scientific Association of France, has received the handsome sum of 2,300 francs from M. P. Bischoffsheim to meet the balance of the expense incurred during the important and refined experiments conducted by M. Cornu, towards determining with great precision the velocity of light, an expense which otherwise must have been borne by the eminent savant who directed the experiments.

THE FRENCH SOCIETY OF AERIAL NAVIGATION held its anniversary meeting on the 3d December, under the Presidency of M. Paul Bert. M. Bert delivered, before a full audience, an address reviewing all the scientific ascents executed during the year. The Society, after hearing a lecture by M. Tissandier, illustrated with dissolving views, awarded him a prize. A similar reward was given to the President of the London Aeronautical Society.

SILVERING OF LARGE AND SMALL OBJECTS.—Six different processes are given to effect this purpose, besides special processes for silvering globes, and the English method; for this latter, two solutions are used, the first consisting of 2 parts quick-lime, grape sugar 5 parts, racemic or gallic acid 2 parts, water 650 parts; the second is composed of argentic nitrate, 20 parts dissolved in 20 parts of aqua ammonia, and diluted with 650 parts of distilled water. For use, mix equal quantities of the two liquids at the time of using, stir carefully and filter. Allowed to stand on an object, the mixture deposits a coat of metallic silver.

IMPROVING WINE BY ELECTRICITY.—M. Scoutetten states that the accidental striking of lightning on the house of a vineyard proprietor caused the rupture of several large hogheads containing wine, which found its way into a cavity existing in the cellar of the house. The owner imagined his wine lost and spoiled, but found, to his astonishment, that the wine, instead of having been deteriorated, had become better than it was before. This accidental occurrence having come to the knowledge of General Marcy-Mouge, a series of experiments were instituted with various kinds of wine, of inferior as well as medium quality, the result being that a galvanic current, applied to the liquid in the casks, both electrodes consisting of platinum plates, eminently improves very inferior kinds.

MANY YEARS AGO it was asserted that camphor possessed the power of accelerating the germination of seeds, and a similar property was subsequently claimed for chlorine, bromine, and iodine. Häckel has by experiment found the statement correct. Seeds of *Raphanus sativus* (the common radish) germinated on the average in eight days when treated with pure water only; kept moist with iodine water, they germinated in five days; with bromine water, in three days; and with chlorine water, in two days. The monobromide of camphor produced the most extraordinary effect, germination occurring after a mean interval of thirty-six hours. Häckel does not suggest any explanation. Alkaline borates and silicates retard germination, while soluble arseniates prevent it by destroying the embryo.

SUNLIGHT ON FIRE.—Professor C. Tomlinson remarks: "The popular idea that 'light puts out the fire,' is so fixed that probably no conclusions drawn from actual experiments are likely to disturb it, especially if they be

adverse to the notion. From a series of experiments upon candles of different sizes and weights, in dark chambers and day and sunlight, it was found that the increase of temperature led to increase of consumption of material, and *vice versa*, and the whole result may be stated that, in any case, the difference is so small that it may be referred to accidental circumstances, such as temperature and material; the final conclusion being that the direct light of the sun, or the diffused light of the day, has no action on the rate of burning, or in retarding the combustion of an ordinary candle."

A CORRESPONDENT who sends to *Nature* the results of his study of palmistry, says: "I have made a collection of more than fifty outlines of the fingers of European hands (right and left). At present I find the tendency in the female hand is to a proportionately longer third than index finger in both hands than in the male. In all the hands I have examined, the third finger of the left hand (when longer than the index) is also proportionately longer than the same finger of the right. In this series I have found only one case of an index longer than the third, and only one in which they were equal (both males). These are all carefully drawn in a pocket-book, care being taken that the hand is perfectly free from any muscular strain, which alters the result appreciably, and the race, sex and general physical characteristics are noted on the sheet. The list at present includes some classical scholars, a distinguished artist, and numbers of persons of more than average culture, yet there appears to be no correspondence between the mind and the length of the index finger."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HERBERT SPENCER is now fifty-five years old and still a bachelor; but, contrary to general report, is very fond of children.

THE library of Yale College has been enriched by the addition of 2,500 volumes of Japanese literature collected by a Mr. Marsh.

DR. J. D. COLLIS, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, England, wants the Freemasons to contribute £50,000 to restore the fabric of Shakespeare's church.

MISS MARY CARPENTER, the English philanthropist, at the age of sixty-eight, is making another tour of India, in the interest of prison reform.

DR. GIRARDEAU, pastor of the Glebe Street Church, Charleston, S. C., has been elected to fill the professional Chair of the late Dr. Thornehill in the Theological Seminary at Columbia.

THE directors of the recent Fluvial Exhibition in Paris voted a special award to Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, for his labors as United States Fishery Commissioner.

AN Angel of mercy has turned up in Boston, George J. by name, who proposes to contribute time and money to an association to investigate crime in Massachusetts and to devise protective measures.

WENDELL PHILLIPS wants to be on the Hub's police force. He says, "You can't make a license law loose enough but what I'll strangle every grog shop in Boston if you'll make me Superintendent of Police."

ANOTHER distinguished professor has been secured for the John Hopkins University at Baltimore, in the person of Basil L. Gildersleeve, who leaves the University of Virginia to occupy the Chair of Greek in the new institution.

PROFESSOR ANDREW BUCHANAN, after filling the Chair of the Institute of Medicine in Glasgow University for thirty-six years, has been compelled to resign on account of the malicious persecution and treachery of some of his colleagues.

MRS. LUCY E. BURBECK, of New London, Conn., widow of General Henry Burbeck, of Revolutionary fame, is one of the oldest pensioners now upon the Government rolls. She is ninety-four, and receives \$150 each quarter.

A DEPARTMENTAL position having been offered a son of Senator John B. Gordon at the opening of the last and present Congress, his father caused him to decline each compliment, saying that, although not in prosperous circumstances, he was determined that his family should be free from charges of nepotism.

THE substitute to Mr. Randall's Amnesty Bill offered by Mr. Blaine is pretty liberal, but—It provides that all persons now under political disabilities except "Jefferson Davis, late President of the so-called Confederate States," shall be relieved of them by taking in a United States Court a new oath of affirmation of allegiance.

THROUGH Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, Mr. A. B. Meacham, Chairman of the Peace Commission, has petitioned Congress for compensation for injuries received in the war against the Modoc Indians during which General Canby was killed. It will be remembered that Mr. Meacham was quite seriously hurt in the massacre, and that after the war he traveled through the North with a party of the Warm Spring tribe, lecturing upon the life, condition and wants of the Indians.

SIR WILLIAM WITHEY GULL, Bart. M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, is fifty-nine years old, and received his early professional education at Guy's Hospital, London. He is sparing of drugs, and observant of his patient, believing rather in physiological physis founded upon a study of individual peculiarities than in the confident administration of medicine according to art. For his achievement of snatching the Prince of Wales from death, three years ago, he was made a baronet, and given his present appointment.

REV. BERNARD KEENAN, of St. Mary's R. C. Church, at Lancaster, Pa., is, since the death of the venerable "Father" Boehm, the oldest living clergyman in the United States. He was born in Tyrone, Ireland, about ninety-seven years ago. In November, 1820, he landed in Baltimore in the company of Dr. Conwell, who had just been consecrated in London as Bishop of Philadelphia, and was shortly thereafter ordained a priest. He settled in Lancaster in 1823, and has since been pastor of St. Mary's for fifty-three years uninterruptedly.

THERE has just died in London, Mrs. Kezia Wheeler, an old lady, at the age of seventy-seven, on whom an inquest has been held. Mrs. Wheeler was found dead in her bedroom on a recent Sunday morning, dressed for church and with her Bible in her hand, having apparently expired suddenly. The surgeon said that death had resulted from the bursting of an aneurism, and the post-mortem examination revealed terrible evidences of tight lacing on the part of the deceased, who had been a very beautiful woman. In fact, one end of the old lady's ribs had been pressed against the internal organs, and had kept them constantly at half-accent, as it were, until apparently an aneurism was produced, by the sudden rupture of which she died. The liver, intestines, stomach and other organs were all jumbled up together, and were remarkable for their smallness. Other parts of the interior organism were drawn up in a frightful manner. The women may argue that, after all, the old lady had stood tight lacing for more than seventy years; and that it could not, therefore have been so dangerous as doctors say. The answer is that Mrs. Wheeler was an exceptionally healthy woman, and thus lived in spite of the corset which imprisoned part of her organs and interfered with their natural development; had she not laced she doubtless would have been a centenarian. The deceased was a tall and once beautiful woman.

LAUNCH OF THE NEW MAN-OF-WAR "TRENTON,"

AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

THE new sloop-of-war *Trenton*, constructed at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, was successfully launched at noon on New Year's Day. Miss Louisa Lynch broke a bottle of wine over the knighthead, and christened the vessel. This honor had been intended for the daughter of ex-Governor Parker of New Jersey, who, through a delay in reaching Brooklyn, was deprived of the courtesy. An attempt had been made on the 30th ult. to launch the huge craft, but through insufficient greasing of the marine railway, and a too slight elevation of the cradle, the tide fell before she would budge.

The *Trenton* is a wooden vessel, built entirely of live oak, and armed with a ram sixteen feet in length and of terrible strength. With the exception of the prow, which will be covered with metal weighing many tons, there will be no armor-plating whatever. Her keel was laid on the 28th of October, 1873, but comparatively little progress was made in her construction until last July, when a full force of men was put to work on her under the direction of Mr. Samuel H. Pook, the naval constructor. She measures 253 feet in length, breadth of beam 48 feet, with depth of hold 28 feet. She is 2,300 tons by regular measurement, and will be ship-rigged. Her engines are being manufactured by John Roach, and it is expected she will steam twelve or thirteen knots an hour without any difficulty. She will be armed with twenty-four 11-inch pivot guns for the under-decks, while on the spar-deck will be located two 200-pound rifle guns capable of throwing a shot to a great distance. Her decks will be three in number, with an average height of seven feet each. It is not yet known where she will be located or by whom commanded. It is probable that her destination will be either the Atlantic or the Mediterranean Squadron.

It was supposed that the work of fitting her out for service would be hastily pushed forward; but after New Year's the greater part of the mechanical force of the yard was discharged, and the vessel fastened by hawsers to the Cobb Dock, where she will await further orders.

EXHIBITION OF RELICS AT SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

SALEM, Mass.,—the City of Peace, as its citizens love to call it—is a place with the charm of antiquity and the grace of modern refinement hanging about it. Its settlement dates back to 1626, a period which to our worthy citizens who are now filled with enthusiasm for all relating to one hundred years ago seems almost antediluvian. To relic-hunters and lovers of mementoes of the past it is a perfect Paradise. Old gabled houses under whose roof-trees the Pilgrim Fathers lived and loved are still standing. In them are rooms where stories of King Philip's, Queen Anne's and the French Canadian Wars were listened to, fresh from the lips of actors in those fights. Here are old homesteads on whose doorsteps fond adieus were taken when brave sons marched off to join the Patriot Army of General Washington.

But Salem, if not as bustling as some of her neighbors, shows no signs of stagnation or decay. In all that marks the progress and culti-

vation of the age it is fully advanced. Its neat churches, its magnificent institutions of learning, its elegant public and private buildings, are monuments of taste and energy.

In this quiet town, so replete with memories of the past, it is natural that great interest should be taken in the great Centennial Exhibition to be held at Philadelphia, and probably in no place outside of the Quaker City are there more earnest workers for the success of the enterprise. The Ladies' Centennial Committee of Salem have been untiring in their exertions to aid the cause, and have crowned their efforts in that direction by the "relic exhibition" just closed.

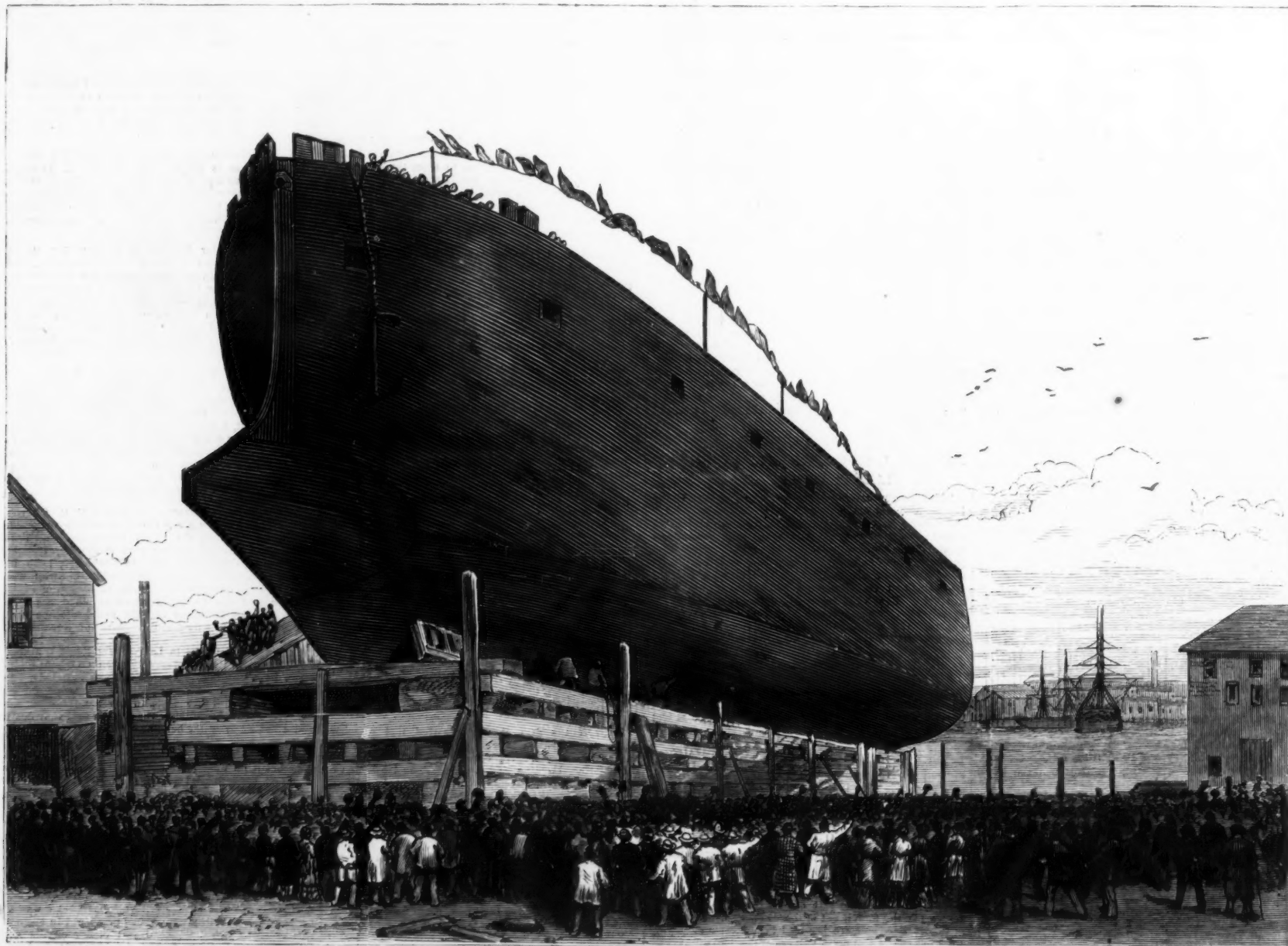
The rooms of the Essex Institute, in Plummer Hall, kindly thrown open for the purpose, were filled with a unique, tasteful and well-arranged collection of old furniture, old dresses, old portraits, old silver, old snuff-boxes, old watches, old jewelry, old books, old manuscripts—everything, in short, that is interesting from age, or from local, personal or historical associations—arranged in glass-cases about the entrance and ante-rooms. Commissions and orders issued by Cromwell and Charles II., with their signatures; autograph letters of Increase and Cotton Mather, of Governor Endicott and John Leverett, and other well-known characters who took part in shaping the destinies of this now mighty country while yet it was in swaddling clothes, an infant colony; and, coming down to "the times that tried men's souls," letters of Washington, Adams, Revere, and others of the great men of those times.

The rich brocades and flowered silk damasks hung about the hall, suggested pictures of the days of stately magnificence long since passed away—pictures only intensified by the presence of the portraits of the dames and gentlemen of those olden times looking down upon the relics of their former finery. The furniture, arranged to illustrate—first, the age of discovery, or sixteenth century; second, the Colonial period, or seventeenth century; and third, the Provincial and Revolutionary period, or eighteenth century, formed by far the most complete and interesting exhibition of antique furniture, we venture to say, ever held in this country. There were Gothic cabinets, actually in use while Columbus was engaged on his mighty enterprise of discovering a new world; Tudor settles and Elizabethan chests, the very counterparts, it may be, of those used by Gilbert and Raleigh and Drake and Frobisher and Hawkins, and all those adventurous spirits who by their bold deeds made their own names famous for ever, and laid the foundations of England's naval and commercial greatness; court or wainscot cupboards and wainscot chests, and tall carved chairs, brought over by the first settlers, safely preserved by the pious care of their descendants, or the mania of some "collector"; china clocks, that have rung merrily the changes for more than a hundred years, and a host of other objects, great and small.

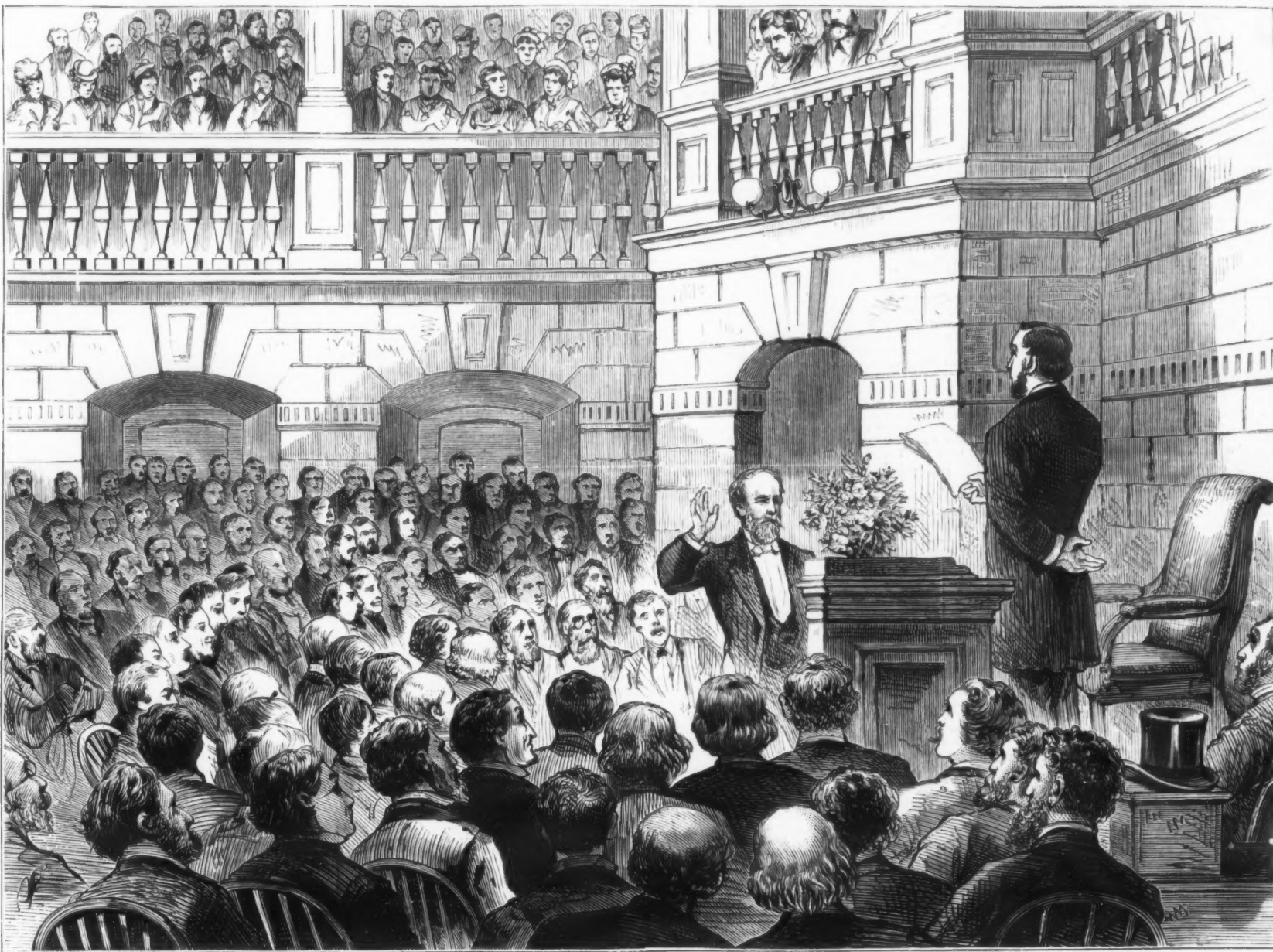
On another page we give pictures of some of the most notable articles exhibited, which will be an interesting study. Miss Dorothy Quincy's patchbox contained the very piece of court-plaster from which she cut, with the tiny scissors, the last beauty-mark that adorned her fair face. The pistols of the brave Colonel Pickering recall memories of the Revolutionary struggle from Lexington to Yorktown, and every article of the unique collection has a fascinating interest.



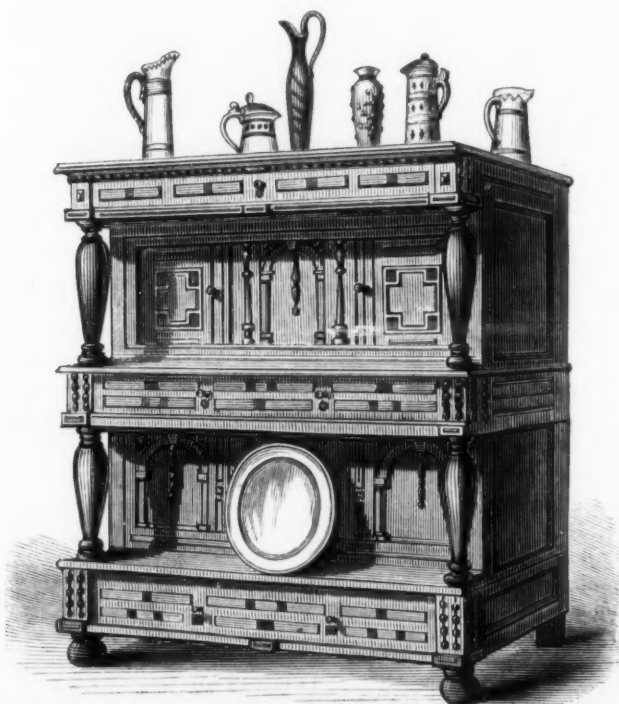
CARY OF HUNSDON.—MISS NELL WARRINGTON AT HOME—"AS I RODE UP TO THE FRONT-DOOR, I SAW A YOUNG LADY SEATED ON A RUSTIC CHAIR UNDER A TREE."—SEE PAGE 318.



THE LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES SLOOP-OF-WAR "TRENTON," AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, JANUARY 1st, 1876.



BOSTON, MASS.—INAUGURATION OF THE HON. ALEXANDER H. RICE AS GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS, AT THE STATE HOUSE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 326.



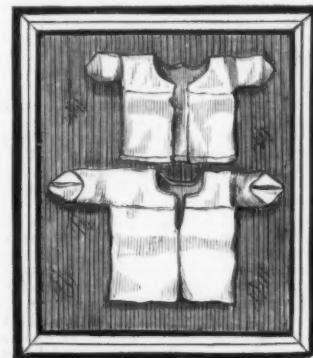
AN ELIZABETHAN WAINSCOT CUPBOARD, WHICH HAS BEEN STORED AWAY FOR THE PAST FIFTY YEARS IN A BARN.



CHALICE MADE OF THE WOODWORK OF A HOUSE STILL STANDING, WHICH WAS BUILT BY ROGER WILLIAMS IN 1635, AND IS KNOWN AS THE WITCH HOUSE.



A CARVED CHAIR BROUGHT OVER BY THE FIRST SETTLERS.



BABY-CLOTHES WORN BY JUDGE CURWEN, WHO TRIED THE SALEM WITCHES.



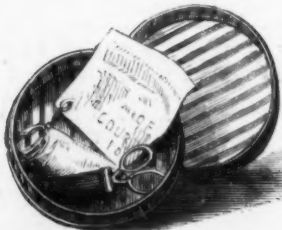
WALKING-SHOE WORN BY MME. LEVERETT, WIFE OF GOV. LEVERETT OF MASSACHUSETTS.



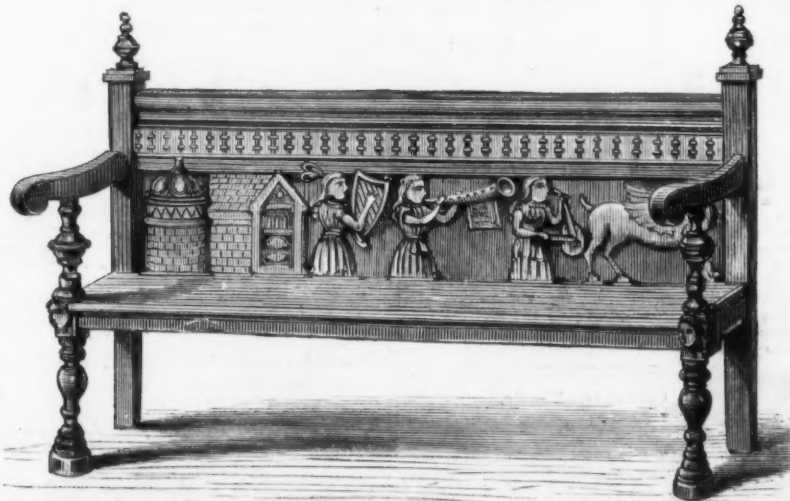
A WINE-GLASS USED BY GEN. WASHINGTON WHILE IN SALEM, 1789.



THE PISTOLS WHICH WERE COL. THOMAS PICKERING'S CONSTANT COMPANIONS DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, AND AFTER HIS DEATH CAME INTO THE POSSESSION OF MR. FEELE'S FAMILY.



DOROTHY QUINCY'S PATCH-BOX, 1730.



A TUDOR SETTLE, OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

RARE COLONIAL, PROVINCIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN PLUMMER HALL, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, BY THE LADIES' CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. R. MORSE.

INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR RICE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE inauguration of the Hon. Alexander H. Rice as Governor of Massachusetts took place in the State House at Boston, on Thursday, January 6th. The ceremonies were very simple. The General Assembly met at 11 o'clock, A.M., and after the customary formalities between the Senate and the House, the former body entered the chamber of the latter, and both branches went into joint convention. The usual committees were appointed to notify the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the readiness of the Legislature to complete the organization of the State Government for the Centennial year. At about noon his Honor Judge Gray, Chief-Justice of the Commonwealth, and Associate-Justices Colt, Ames, Morton, Endicott and Devens, and the Hon. John M. Clark, Sheriff of Suffolk County, entered and took their seats. These were followed, after a brief interval, by the Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Governor-elect, the Hon. Horatio G. Knight, Lieutenant-Governor-elect, heads of the State Departments, officers of Governor Gaston's staff, officers of the First Corps of Cadets, and a large number of others, prominent among whom were—Ex-Governor Talbot, the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, His Honor Mayor Cobb, the Hon. Ginery Twichell, the Hon. George C. Richardson, the Hon. F. W. Lincoln, Colonel W. W. McKim, the Hon. John B. Alley, ex-Mayor Norcross, J. Willard Rice, Esq., the Hon. John T. Heard, ex-Speaker Sanford, the Hon. John Quincy Adams, ex-Mayor Wightman, the Hon. Henry B. Pierce, Secretary of State-elect, the Hon. Richard Frothingham, the Hon. A. W. Beard and the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Jr. At five minutes of one o'clock President Loring administered the oath to the Governor-elect, and the Secretary of State made the usual proclamation. The oath was then administered to the Lieutenant-Governor-elect, and, after that fact had been proclaimed, Governor Rice delivered his inaugural address. His Excellency closed his address at 2:15 o'clock, and the convention immediately dissolved.

The State House, lobbies and galleries were crowded during the ceremonies, and with the sedate legislators grouped around the hall, and the dignified Judges ranged upon the platform, the scene was impressive, and characteristic of republican strength and simplicity.

A PROFESSOR CONFOUNDED.

A FRENCH *savant*, a member of the Academy, wished to ascertain the progress of the teaching of language at one of the English universities. Having some friends among the professors, he announced to them his visit and the object of it. His English friends determined to give the academician a high idea of these studies, and for this purpose resorted to rather extraordinary means. They chose twenty of the students best acquainted with Greek, Sanscrit, French, Spanish, and so on, and ordered them to dress as peasants and go out on the road at some distance from the university to meet the stranger. He was proceeding quietly along, reflecting upon the high importance of the study of the languages, and the pleasure that he had experienced since he was upon English soil of speaking with the inhabitants as if he were a native.

All at once a peasant, apparently, approached him, and asked him in Latin if he could render him any service; soon another accosted him in German; then a third and a fourth, and finally a whole troop of peasants addressed him in all the languages of the world. The academician was overwhelmed with astonishment, and arrived at the university full of admiration at this phenomenon. "Messieurs," said he to the English professors, "I have no further need to examine your teaching; you are unquestionably the first masters in the world; your learning has spread through all the surrounding places, and your peasants even know more of the language than our students at Paris."

He desired to know, however, if the sign language was taught with success at the university, and accordingly they promised to present him the best of their pupils of this class. For this purpose they gave instruction to a servant of the house, one-eyed and a little stupid, that a French gentleman was expected there, and as he was very deaf, he must speak with him only by signs. The interview takes place. On seeing the man, the servant holds up one finger, the other quickly holds up two, the servant presents three, and the domestic replied by putting his fist vigorously before the learned academician. The latter was amazed, and went before the professors, exclaiming, "Admirable! admirable! we understood each other perfectly. I said to him, there is one God; he replied, two, Father and Son; I answered three, Father, Son and Spirit; and he promptly showed me his fist, as if to say the three make only one God."

The delight of the *savant* was complete, and he went away to make his report to his colleagues at Paris of the wonders accomplished by the teaching at Oxford.

Meanwhile the domestic arrives in his turn, red with rage. "Oh, that miserable Frenchman!" cries he; "he came here to insult me. He told me by his gesture that I had only one eye. I replied that I had two. He persisted in maintaining that we had only three between us. But it was well for him that he left, for I showed him the fist of an Englishman."—Translated from "*Causeries avec mes Elèves*," by L. Sauveur.

"THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS; I'LL NONE OF IT!"

We do not in the least feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust; indeed, we are rather inclined to sympathize with him. Even nowadays most of the cathartics offered to the public are great, repulsive-looking pills, the very appearance of which is sufficient to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he would not have uttered those words of contempt. It is really encouraging, when one is ill, to find that a little, sugar-coated Pellet, no larger than a grain of mustard, will as promptly produce the desired effect as a dose of great, nauseating pills. These little Pellets, unlike other cathartics, are really nature's physic. They do not debilitate, but tone and invigorate the system. No family should be without Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

A CIRCULAR YACHT.

A CURIOUS little circular sailing yacht, twenty feet in diameter, has been built by a young officer of the Russian Navy to show that the circular form is not by any means so adverse to speed as many suppose. She is cutter-rigged, with a very taut mast, and has great speed under canvas in combination with an altogether unequalled power of staying and wearing. She is perfectly round, like a tea-saucer, and, having great stability, can carry,

almost without inclination, all the canvas which it is possible to spread upon her. She is consequently very fast and extremely handy withal.

FUN.

AN incalculable weight—The weight of indignation. "I HAVE said you are honest, John, with a clear conscience; but fear I have stretched a point in saying you are sober." "Shure, sir, if you have stretched a point that far, can't you stretch it a little further, and say that I am frequently sober?"

UNCLE LEVI—"Now, Sammy, tell me, have you read the beautiful story of Joseph?" Sam—"Oh, yes, uncle!" Uncle—"Well, then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?" Sam—"They sold him too cheap, I think."

"My young colored friend," said an army chaplain to a negro boy, "can you read?" "Yes, sah!" "Glad to hear it," said the chaplain. "Shall I give you a paper?" "Sartin, massa, if you please." "Very good," continued the chaplain. "What paper would you choose, now?" "Well, massa," said the meditating negro, "if you chews, I'll take a paper of ter-backer."

It will seem from the following that there is much need of a School Board at Weardale, England. A doctor there was lately summoned to a cottage at Harwood in Teesdale, and found a boy-patient in need of his services. "Put out your tongue," said the doctor. The boy stared like an owl. "My good boy," requested the medical man, "let me see your tongue." "Talk English, doctor," put in the mother; and then, turning to her son, she said: "Hopen thy gobbler, and push out thy loller." The boy rolled out his tongue in a moment.

OLD Doctor Strong, of Hartford, Conn., was not often outwitted by his people. On one occasion he had invited a young minister to preach for him, who proved rather a dull speaker, and whose sermon proved unusually long. The people became weary, and, as Doctor Strong lived near the bridge, about the time for the commencement of the afternoon service he saw his people flocking in great numbers across the river to the other church. He readily understood that they feared they should hear the same young man in the afternoon. Collecting his wits, he said to the young minister: "My brother across the river is very feeble, and I know he will take it kindly to have you preach to his people. If you will do so, I will give you a note to him, and be as much obliged to you as I would to have you preach for me, and I want you to preach the same sermon you preached to my people this morning." The young minister, supposing this to be a commendation of his sermon, started off in good spirits, delivered his note, and was invited to preach most cordially. He saw before him one-half of Doctor Strong's people, and they had to listen for one hour and a half to the same dull, humdrum sermon they had heard in the morning. They understood the joke, however, and said they would undertake never to run away from Doctor Strong again.

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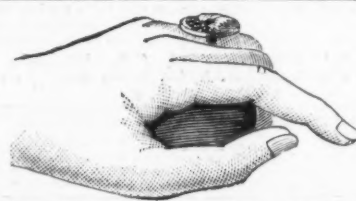
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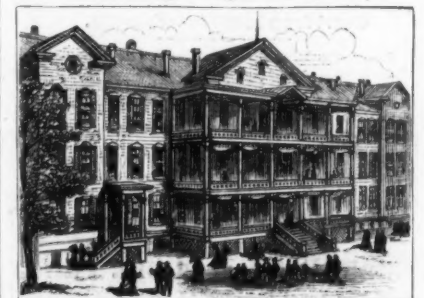
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